THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

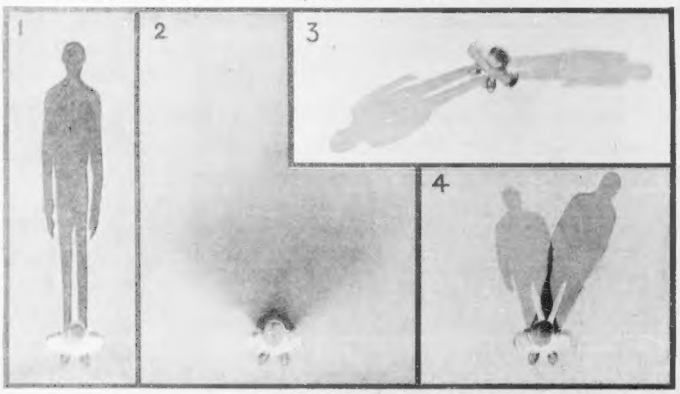
Greatest Circulation in the World

"The Nation's Reading Habit"

Sunday, Oct. 4, 1936

Other Suns With Worlds Of Their Own Like Ours?

Prof. Rudaux, the Distinguished Astronomer, Discusses the Probability of Duplicates of the Earth Among the Myriads of Heavenly Bodies—Some Less, Some More Advanced



How the Shadow of a Man on the Earth, Lighted by Other Suns Than Ours, Would Appear If Viewed From Above: 1. A Shadow, as There as a Dim Color, Caused by the Reflection of a Tiny Sun. 2. Shadow and Semi-darkness Projected by an Enormous Solar Disc. 3 and 4. Colored Shadows Created By the Simultaneous Presence of Two Suns of a Double Star, Placed Differently in the Sky.

It Is Possible to Suppose That on an Earth Enjoying an Almost Perpetual Day, Due to the Illumination of Two Succeeding Suns, the Growth of Plants and Vegetables, Encouraged by the Red and Orange Beams From the Suns, Would Reach Gigantic Proportions.

If the Earth Received Light From Two Suns, and If the Short Nights Could Come at Certain Times in the Year, There Would Be Seen the Incomparable Spectacle of a Two-colored Moon, Created by the Light Which It Receives on Either Side From Each of the Two Suns.

If the Earth Were to Revolve About a Cold Sun, in the Center of a Ball-like Cluster of Hot Stars, These Would Stud the Entire Sky, Like Brilliant Lights. The Days and Nights Both Would Be So Bright That We Could Move About as We Do in Full Daylight.

By PROF. LUCIEN RUDAUX,
The Distinguished French Astronomer and Director of Donville Observatory, France.

CHAPTER II.
(Concluded from Last Sunday)

[illegible]

[illegible] Everywhere the two lights playing on the same surface would have an indefinable color. Each light would fix itself on a point sheltered from the other: for example, on the back of a man or the shady side of the streets. We would be in the presence of an infinite number of possible combinations of a very beautiful and very strange character. Then, too, we would have to keep track of the alterations and modifications, for a green light mingled with a red light would make us look white. Ordinary words are inadequate to describe the scene which we would look upon every day.

But we can get some idea of the picture by describing artificial illumination. We would all be living on what would seem to be the stage of a theatre. Our surroundings would be turned as by some magic hand into a fairy-like garden. With the changes in light our skins would look green, blue or yellow. A whole new color scheme would have to be devised. Our lives and emotions would be as strange as some of the colors we would see. During the sunlight hours trees and flowers and all nature would appear like an extravagant tropical scene beyond our imagination.

The nights during certain periods of the year would last only a few hours, offering to us the most magnificent spectacles. For while the earth would be thus illuminated, the moon would still be circling around it. The moon, lighted by two suns, would appear no longer as a silver disc, but as a two-colored globe larger than we usually see it. Our earth would receive light from the moon too.

Under such swiftly changing conditions a woman who wanted to have the right makeup on at all times would have a heart-breaking task. Perhaps in time women would develop a complexion that would shift with the light, as the chameleon shifts the colors of his skin to suit his background, and thus she might present a peaches-and-cream complexion in spite of the color tricks of the two suns.

The shadow thrown by the sun on our present earth is just a dull colorless spot, nor is it sharp, like a silhouette. This is because our sun, though not very big as suns go, and not very near, is sufficiently so that it has visible size, and therefore the edges of the sun shine slightly around any object, making the outline of its shadow somewhat fuzzy. If the earth were revolving around a sun so small or distant as to look as other stars do, merely a point of light though much brighter, a shadow would be as black and sharp as if painted on the ground in heavy black ink.

If the earth were circling close to one of the monster but not very hot suns, then at noon a man would have almost no shadow at all. Late in the afternoon and early in the morning, there would be a faint hazy smudge following him around but it would not have enough shape to tell whether the thing was cast by a man, woman or a post.

But the strangest appearance would result from lighting by a double-star, each star giving out a light of a different color.

On worlds where these two stars shine in the sky, two shadows would appear crossing each other. Each of these, instead of having a somber hue of gray or black, would be tinted by the light coming from the sun toward which that shadow turns. In a word, each of the stars colors the shadow cast by the other star. On our earth there is no other star, so that our shadows are somber and unenlivened. If we were lighted by a double star—one star being yellow and the other green—we would always be followed about with two shadows, one green and the other yellow.

The effect on vegetation of two different suns would be quite as radical as on animals. If both gave rays favorable to plant life one might expect things to grow with almost explosive vigor where moisture and soil were also favorable.

The farmer would be pleased to plant cabbage seed Monday morning and get a full crop perhaps the following Saturday. However, most of the joy would be taken out of his life by a crop of even faster-growing weeds and he could surely count on an army of large, active and competent insect pests which would work overtime and do justice to the situation.

It is not impossible that if two suns send out quite different rays, the vegetation of the world would divide into two classes, each favoring a different sun. When sun number one is in the sky the plants big and little that worship him would spread their leaves to his rays, while the others would curl up and shrink from sight, pulling their buds to accord with the rise of their luminary. The war between the two classes would begin when both suns were in the sky together.

Still another possibility would be a planet like ours revolving about a dark star, a dead sun from which it received nothing but cold, reflected light, as the earth does from the moon. Of course, if a cold star could suddenly take the place of our hot sun, this earth would freeze up in short order. But we would not freeze up if we happened to be in the center of a ball-like cluster of hot stars, all far enough away not to cause gravitational disturbance.

Each of such suns would be so distant that they would all look like extra bright stars and yet their combined light might be enough to keep us comfortably warm. In that case there would be neither night nor day nor any change of season. Every corner of the earth would be like every other, the poles like the equator, and always, except in cloudy weather, the same bright daylight. Also, with so many points of illumination in the sky, a man would cast no shadow, though there would be darkness something like shadow under very wide shade.

Vegetation could get along under these conditions because plants thrive as far down in the ocean depths that the human eye can hardly see.

No astronomer has seen a planet circling around its own solar system, but the presumption is that there are millions of them, many under such conditions as would not permit us to live more than a few moments.

Others are probably so close that as far as general conditions are concerned we might thrive there. It is, however, not impossible that even if there are billions

(Continued on Page 25)

Held Their Wedding Reception At The English Zoo

LONDON.—As soon as the new Al Chessington Zoo, a few miles outside the hustle of this city is no great distance, but the other day it was all excitement over the British Isles and on the continent because two young people decided to hold a wedding reception in the establishment.

This making merry among the elephants, the lions and the snakes was no stunt intended to publicize the bride and bridegroom. The husband, Mr. F. G. Ferris is a sane and handsome young Briton who has taken up politics as a career and is an influential member of the Surbiton council. Surbiton is only a mile or so from Chessington. His bride, a Miss Forsyth, is a quiet, well-educated young woman who never before in her life, thought of taking part in any such unorthodox goings-on.

It so happened that the couple, before their marriage, had spent many happy hours in Chessington, some of them at the zoo. It was even rumored —though the rumor couldn't be verified—that it was at the zoo that Mr. Ferris proposed and was accepted.

Anyway both the principals had a warm spot in their hearts for the zoo and they thought it would be just too jolly to depart from the customary procedure and invite their guests to go to the zoo with them after the ceremony.

The curator of the zoo was only too glad to cooperate, and when the wedding party arrived he was all ready. The animals had been cleaned up for the occasion, especially the elephant shown in the photograph. The bride, Mrs. Ferris had hinted that, before she took her nuptial outfit off, she wanted to ride about the park on the back of The big beast. Bridal bouquet and all, she was hoisted aloft and took her ride, as the happy photograph on this page shows.

A few of the more reserved guests were, at first, a trifle shocked that Mr. Ferris would think of behaving like a vaudevillian on one of the most important days of his life. But they loosened up soon after they arrived at the zoo and had a great time walking about the cages and making the acquaintance of snakes, monkeys, lions and such funny looking critters as pink flamingoes and long-tailed kangaroos. And no one had so much fun as the newlyweds. Their biggest thrill came when one of the keepers let them fondle the zoo's prize "baby"—a lion cub still too young to resent being bounced on the knee of a new bride.

Bride and Bridegroom Making Friends With a Lion Cub While Their Friends Make Merry.

Several reporters, tipped off that they would find a real story at the zoo, were on hand with photographers from their papers. One of these gentlemen of the press stuck close to the celebrants and overheard a conversation between a couple of guests who, apparently, didn't think much of being hustled off to the zoo instead of having tea at the home of the bridegroom.

"I say," remarked one of the men, "ever hear of anything like this in all your born days?"

"Can't say that I did," was the reply. "but if that's the way the Ferrises feel about getting married, I suppose they have as much right to have their reception among the blooming animals as anywhere else."

That's what the Ferrises felt and, with a few exceptions, their guests were delighted.

"Why," one jolly old dowager exclaimed, "it was the grandest wedding I ever went to. It was as good as going to the circus. I shall never forget Mrs. Ferris on that elephant as long as I live. She wasn't frightened a bit."

During the fortnight after the unusual reception the curators of the London zoo turned down three requests from couples who wanted to do the Ferrises one better and actually be married on the zoo grounds.

After they had come home from their honeymoon, the Ferrises were confronted with a big bundle of newspapers and magazines carrying pictures of their wedding party at the zoo. They cut out the photographs and pasted them in a scrapbook, but the bride confessed that she was a trifle embarrassed at the unexpected flood of publicity that followed the reception. "I knew," she said, "that our friends—some of them, at least—would think we were a bit goofy, but I didn't dream that the press would take much interest in the affair. People forget quickly, however, and I'm sure we'll be able to live the occasion down."

Robert (Tornado) Potteiger, the Pea-shooting Champion of Reading, Pa., Doing His Stuff With Enthusiasm and a Characteristic Facial Expression Which Perhaps Lends Something to His Magical Skill.

Town Chooses Its Pea-Shooting Champ

BOB "TORNADO" POTTEIGER—the cockeyed young man shown in the photograph at the left —is a hero among his cronies in Reading, Pennsylvania. His rise to fame was sudden and, in a way, spectacular. He attributes his success to a powerful set of lungs and an unerring eye with a pea-shooter called, in some localities, a bean-shooter.

Bob isn't really cross-eyed. He's just looking that way for the cameraman who took pictures of Reading's recent contest to find and pay tribute to the community's best marksman with the simple weapon. But he is a hero among his set and he does do some remarkable shooting with his little metal tube and a mouthful of peas.

Many boys in Reading are almost as good as the champ, but he's tops. At a distance of 25 feet from a target, or a top hat, he seldom misses and at 50 feet he scores a lot of hits. In the finals he was almost perfect, and out of a whole mouthful of peas he didn't waste a dozen in misses.

Some of Reading's citizens have been wondering whether it was the best of judgment to stage such a contest. They are afraid that the use of pea-shooters, usually confined to the Hallowe'en season, will be encouraged to the point where it might not be healthy for a citizen to take a stroll in the evening.

"I was a boy myself once," says a prominent Readingite, "and I remember what a temptation it was to shoot at human targets when I had a pea-shooter in my hand and a mouthful of ammunition. I didn't always resist the temptation and it is my guess that boys haven't changed much in the past few years."

The youngsters have controlled themselves very well, however, and there have been few complaints since the day that Bob Potteiger captured the pea-shooting crown in the contest finals. Several hundred of them have blown away at tin cans and bottles, but hardly a pea has been shot at a human target.

The Rolling Jailhouse Recently Used to Bring Back an Escaped Forger From Pittsburgh to the Oklahoma State Penitentiary.

Special Rolling Jail for Bad Man

JAMES C. MYLES, an unwilling guest of the State of Oklahoma, found a way to break out of the penitentiary at McAlester —but when he was picked up in Pittsburgh and the Oklahoma authorities came after him, they arrived in a rolling jail that no bad man alive can escape from.

This portable pen is a cubicle of heavy steel bands, welded and riveted together and capped with a roof of steel netting. It's small, fitting neatly into the rear end of a coupe—and there's not much comfort in rolling over the roads in it. But the State of Oklahoma isn't much interested in making escaped criminals comfortable during their ride back to the big house in McAlester.

Alex Watson, transfer agent of the State penitentiary, has gone out after several convicts in this rubber-tired bastille, and he never worries once the culprit is locked in the box behind the driver's seat.

"That cell," he says, "is as strong as they come. It's bolted down to the floor and right to the frame of the car. A gorilla couldn't shake it loose—and even if that was possible, he couldn't get out of it. Those bars are made of the toughest steel we could find. I doubt if a man could saw his way through them—and they're electric welded."

It's a thousand miles from Pittsburgh to McAlester and Mr. Myles occupied the break-proof coop the whole way. Over stretches of bad road he squawked a little, but the driver, like Ol' Man River, just kept rolling along.

Many states are said to be considering some such portable jail as the one shown in the picture. Transporting law-breakers in trains and planes is expensive and, despite all the precautions that are taken, there's always the possibility that they'll break away. Under such conditions two or more officers have to go along to guard the prisoner.

The Oklahoma machine isn't a special job. It's just a standard coupe with the cover to the rear compartment removed to make room for the specially made cell. The cage isn't weighty despite its strength and does not make the machine too heavy behind.

It isn't necessary for more than one officer to operate the machine for once a prisoner is locked up in the box-like cell he's there until the door is unlocked again and it doesn't take two men to play watching.

The rolling jail for bad men might well be adopted by many municipal police departments, in the opinion of several authorities concerned with the capture and housing of law breakers.

Most calls for the police involve only a single arrest and a car such as this would be as good as a patrol, which is much more expensive to run and not nearly so speedy on the road.

It would be just the thing for violent criminals who have to be hold, wrestled with and held down when they are taken for a ride in the patrol. Inside the cage they could thrash around all they want to—and they wouldn't inconvenience anyone but themselves.

"This strange looking wagon has come in very handy," said an official of the State Penitentiary at McAlester. "It didn't cost us much and it already has about paid for itself."

Not Fans Now, But Doves

SALLY RAND started something when she thought up her fan dance. It, in fact, the inspiration was original. She launched a vogue that was lived out in Europe with some success, although the fan-loving and extremely broad-minded Parisians had one American imitator of Sally arrested and tried in court because they found her performance more indecent than artistic.

Miss Rand, trying to count the increasing numbers of Terpsichorean illegitimates who were going around doing much the same shenanigans she did at the World's Fair in Chicago, saw the wisdom of giving her appearance in the name of art a new twist. So she had her fans aside and got on the same tossing routine with a bubble. The gas-filled sphere weighed only a fraction of an ounce more than her costume and it made all sorts of graceful "slow motion" maneuvers possible. Some speculators found Sally's balloon dance even more interesting to watch than the same number done with a pair of exotic feather fans.

And now a shapely young dancer, Rosita Royce by name, has stolen a march on Sally and introduced what she calls the Dove Dance. The scene across the same purpose as the fans and the balloons—they cover the dancer's nudity and lend the performance a classic note that lifts it, legally if not esthetically, into the realm of Art.

Not long ago Miss Royce assembled her act in San Francisco. During the first measures of the dance she did away some wisps of raiment but as the number progressed she "stripped everything," as one spectator put it, the lights dimmed and a squadron of white doves fluttered down from somewhere to light on her arms, shoulders and head.

The patrons seemed to know just what to do. As Rosita went from one graceful posture to another the birds arranged themselves so that their boss never was entirely naked in the eyes of the audience. Being alive they attracted more interest than inanimate fans and balloons and gave the act what is sometimes called "class."

Some of the spectators of the Dove Dance were not especially impressed by its artistic aspects. They watched carefully, they said, and saw nothing more than a daring and rather skilful exhibition of near-nudity. They put the Dove Dance in the same category with the Fan Dance and the Balloon Dance. Some were frank enough to say that its place is in a traveling tent show and not on the vaudeville stage.

Sally Rand always said she was shocked and pained when such comments were made at her contributions to the School of the Dance. She made good that "shocked" with forever being misunderstood and that censors who hampered her career were as short-sighted as they thought they were sex-eyed.

Miss Royce appears to take much the same attitude. Not long ago a newspaper reporter dropped in on her backstage and, a little bluntly perhaps, asked her, off the record, if she didn't think her dance might to be called "fine" and not "art."

With her face as spiritually serious as it is in the photograph at the right the dancer informed the reporter that he apparently didn't understand dancing in its higher aspects. The "form divine," she reminded her inquisitor, is always artistic and white doves are traditional for their gentle and streamlined grace. Put the two elements together under soft lights and sweet music, she said, and the result couldn't be anything but artistic.

Rosita Royce, Posing in Her Unique Dancing Costume, Which She Says Outmodes Bubbles and Fans. "The dove dance is the thing now," She Insists.

© 1936 by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Love Charms Didn't Work So She Wants Her $70,000 Back

Blonde Miss "Baby" Knudsen Complains She Paid Every Dollar She Had to a Fashionable Paris Sorceress for Magic Potions to Feed Her Extremely Rich Baron--- But All They Did Was Give Him an Appetite for Another Girl

Mme. Maryse de Tanis, the Fashionable Parisian Soothsayer and Sorceress, Seated Upon Her Imposing Throne in Her Luxurious Apartments. She Got $70,000 From "Baby," the Latter Charges.

Photo by Murray Korman, New York.
Miss Roselle Rowland, the American Dancer, Who Won the Baron With Only Her Own Charms.

The Perfect Nordic Profile of Miss "Baby" Knudsen, Whose Bonds of Beauty Were Not Strong Enough to Hold Her Baron, Even Though Augmented by Magic.

PARIS, Sept. 25.

THE almost unbelievably rich Baron Jean Empain changed his mind about marrying Baby Knudsen, beautiful blonde and called by some of her jealous rivals, the "Nose love-pirate," as "Baby," whose real name is Miss Siegfried Beat Knudsen, wants $70,000 back out from the Swiss Baron who for some reason seems to have had the right to get his "Baby." She is suing Madame Maryse de Tanis, one of the most fashionable and fleet 20,000 fortune-tellers or "soothsayers" charging that she fed $70,000 worth of the Madame's guaranteed love-philtres to the rich man with no results at all.

In fact, the results were worse than zero, because the Baron fell in love with an American girl, Miss Roselle Rowland, 27 years old, a class of dancer, as the "golden girl" because she frequently appeared in a costume clothed entirely in a coating of gold paint.

"Baby Knudsen says that if anything is sold under a guarantee and it turns out to be a fraud, the customer ought to get her money back and that in what she demands. Mme. de Tanis, biggest in size as well as reputation among Parisian soothsayers, denies that Baby paid her more than $12,500, and says that this was not for love potions or magic charms, but for divination, forecasting of the future and advice about how to make the future turn out right.

The stars foretold that she would marry the Baron, provided she was careful about certain behavior. If her friend did not behave as the stars ordered, she was like a patient who hadn't removed the doctor's orders and deserved to get poor results.

Miss Knudsen, or Siegfried Knudsen-age, was born in England but spent much of her childhood in Oslo, Norway, where she soon discovered that she was a remarkably pretty girl. At the age of 15, she was such a hurtingly brilliant blonde that they called her "Sheena," after the forest witch, because if a man looked at her he was lost. At 18, like the Viking ancestors, she invaded one of the fashionable watering places on the Coast of France, where, because of her innocent blonde beauty, they named her "The Baby."

Having no money, she learned that there is magic in expensive clothes. For a year the land of these kept her from contact with the pockets of any but small spenders. She had hardly gotten into the ranks of the big spenderthrifts and started accumulating jewels against a rainy day, when that day came for all of her kind, in the beginning of the depression. Rich men overnight vanished, like trees after the first frost, leaving hungry beauties, slowly starving, like spiders in a fly-less world.

George de Neuville, secretary of Yvette Laurent, the tragic "Queen of Deauville," found Baby Knudsen in actual want and had her picture printed in the Riviera Normande. Miss Knudsen is sure that it pays to advertise. That paper was seen by Baron Empain, not only one of the world's richest men but one who seemed little hurt by the depression.

The Extremely Rich Baron Jean Empain, Who Unwittingly Took the Potions, but They Didn't Seem to Strike the Right Spot.

At the age of 26, he had inherited over 100 valuable properties, including a controlling interest in the Paris subway, one of the first and one of the worst in the world. His income is said to be over $10,000,000 a year. Of course the bulk of that is taken away from him in the way of taxes but he has at least a million a year to spend on himself and any lucky women who can get him to let them help.

The picture fascinated the rich man who sought a meeting with the hungry girl. Perhaps it was her stomach as much as her heart, but Baby says it was love at first sight. She did not know Mme. de Tanis at that time, but her natural beauty "put a spell" on the Baron sufficiently magical to make him hand over at once $10,000, with which she drove around town paying debts and buying new clothes before going to Paris with him. She says that they were engaged, in spite of the technical difficulty that he was married.

He said he would divorce the Baroness and he did, but there was so much money involved in the settlement that this took time and time is often bad for red-hot romances. Therefore, for some three years Baby Knudsen made hay while the ten-million-dollar sun shone.

She often ordered 50 pairs of stockings at a time and filled her closets with so many dresses that most of them were never worn, but remained forgotten because it was too much trouble to have her half-dozen maids take them all out and show them to her. Nevertheless, despite all her extravagances, at the end of three years she had also piled up some $70,000 in the banks, to say nothing of considerable jewelry.

By that time the Baron had his divorce and could lead the willing Miss Knudsen to the altar but instead, a painful thing happened. He forbade her to charge anything more to his account, cut out all presents, cash or otherwise and told her she must live on her allowance, which was not a tenth of what she had been spending.

This could only mean one thing—the rich man's love was cooling. Was she going to lose him entirely or could his love be warmed up enough to make him marry her? The Baron says that if she had asked him, he would have prophesied correctly that she hadn't a chance and would not have charged any consultation fee for such accurate divination.

Miss Knudsen probably wouldn't have believed him. She wanted the highest possible authority on the future, who, according to all superstitious people she met, was Mme. Maryse de Tania, though very few could afford her fees for digging into the future. Miss Knudsen was sure this must be true, because how otherwise could she have become so rich as to own an impressive Paris establishment and the fine Chateau de Chatainville, at Jouy, where the worried beauty sought out the plump seeress.

She says that "the woman from whom nothing is hidden," as Mme. de Tanis is known, received her at first in a spacious drawing room of the castle and seated on a throne-like chair as stout as herself. After innumerable questions which the clairvoyant explained were necessary just like a doctor's when he takes a new case, including how much money Baby had in the bank, the customer was led into another room so dark that she could not see the walls at all or anything but two chairs, a table, a mirror and a very dim red light.

Mme. Maryse, she says, stared into the mirror for a long time occasionally making motions with her plump arms to "brush away a psychic fog." Finally she spoke:

"Ah, there it is. Good! I see you and the Baron at the altar. You look very beautiful and happy!"

"How soon?" Baby wanted to know.

"I will see if I can see," said the seeress. "It is a big church or cathedral, full of people, but no calendar or newspaper to tell me the date, but it must be fairly soon because the women's clothes do not seem to have changed much."

Baby told her happily that this was really all she needed to know but the prophetess said, according to Baby:

"Wait! The mirror tells me only what may happen and will happen, if all goes well."

She shuffled some cards, spread them on the table and added:

"Yes, it can happen but there are obstacles in the way, which must be removed. We must find the best means to remove them."

Miss Knudsen says this meant another visit, after the soothsayer had cast her horoscope. The stars revealed that another woman was moving rapidly upon the Baron's heart. Her influence must be nullified at once. Miss Knudsen says that to accomplish this she was sold a small packet, supposed to contain the ashes of two kinds of seaweed—male and female. If she would give that to the Baron, it should make him forget the other woman.

When this had no visible effect, the lady magician was not bothered at all. She simply sold Baby, so the Nordic beauty alleges, a stronger charm made of the ashes of a male and a female lizard, mixed in equal parts. These were followed by more and more potent charms and proportionately more expensive ones. The customer sometimes doubted that this magic was of any value and says that Mme. de Tanis always guaranteed ultimate success. One of the last of these was made up, she says, on the following prescription:

"When the moon is mounting the sky, gather absinthe leaves, a shoot from an orange tree, laurel from a green bay tree, a roadside weed, preferably plantain, two menthol leaves freshly peppered. Mix together and roast. Collect the ashes carefully and mix with chocolate candy in order that the bewitched may not suspect that a charm has been cast over him."

Miss Knudsen did not know much about candy-making so she had to go to a small shop where the man made his own candies. This proved bothersome, because the confectioner suspected poison and wanted her to eat some of the ashes. Baby explained what it was for and that the witch lady had told her on no account to taste any of it until she ate the candy with her lover. Instead, she asked the candymaker to taste some.

But he said he had a wife and sweetheart now and refused for fear the stuff might make him do something dreadful, like falling in love with his mother-in-law. He was a strictly honest man and would not on a shady-looking thing like that for less than $100. When, after all that trouble and expense, this formula, guaranteed to reheat the most frigid love, did not even raise it a single degree, Baby was in despair and relates that Mme. de Tanis said:

"I will be honest with you. I have gone as far as I can but love philtres are not my specialty. I will send you to a man in Nantes, greatest in the world on that line. He never fails."

The Nantes sorcerer did not look so prosperous but his charges being fully as steep as those of Maryse restored her confidence. He, too, would be honest with her, in fact all French men are honest that way. While he knew every secret of the ancient Egyptians, the Japanese had an independent school of magic, turning out some five-philtres that beat anything discovered by white magicians. He had some of their goods in stock and would let her have them at wholesale rates of $300 a packet.

This did not count his consultation fees of $200 to $300 a visit, or consultations with the Madame which had to continue also. Baby says that once in an emergency, when both had to be consulted together, it cost her $1,500. Finally, at the end of her savings, when Baby's life. The prophetess says she warned her client not to sail on a certain ship and so sooner had it gotten to sea without her than she was stricken with a dangerous case of appendicitis which might have proved fatal under the limited hospital facilities on board.

"Baby" Knudsen Enjoying Herself on the Riviera With a Friend While the Baron Was Paying the Bills.

What cost her the Baron, according to Miss de Tanis, was not following her advice about taking drugs. These, she says, spoiled her beauty and made her conversation so silly that the rich man lost all interest. Also she maintains that all her bills about $70,000 worth of love charms is mere raving.

Maryse proudly points to such customers as the former King of Spain, his daughter Beatrice, the Duchess of Kent and even claims that the Dowager Queen of England and Mussolini have sought her advice.

Meanwhile the victorious Miss Rowland has gone on a hunting trip to Africa with Baron Empain. Everyone is wondering if her charms, which include extreme youth, will win with the millionaire, where Miss Knudsen's failed. She is 17, Baby is 25 and the Baron 56.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Crow Meat To Become A Popular Table Delicacy?

IN THE Middle West, particularly in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska that noisy, prolific and destructive pest, the crow, is being wiped out and in a manner of speaking, being gobbled up. The citizens are killing off the marauders by the hundreds of thousands and discovering that the scourge of farmers has considerable virtue as the main course of a meal.

The discovery that the lowly and despised crow is both tasty and nutritious food should be no surprising news. To T. W. Stallings, of Oklahoma City, invited a number of his prominent fellow citizens to a dinner. The guests feasted on fowl. The baked flesh was done to a turn and nicely seasoned. Most of the diners asked for second helpings. Some of them thought they were eating broilers. Others commended favorably on the fine quality of the squab. A few suspected that they were enjoying some game bird.

When the dessert dishes and the coffee cups had been cleared away, Dr. Stallings rose and said, "My friends, I have a little surprise for you. You have just eaten and apparently relished baked crow."

When the meaning of his words sank in a few revolting souls rushed for the nearest exits. Others possessed of stronger stomachs and less vivid imaginations, turned a trifle pale about the gills but kept their seats. Several realistic individuals stuck to their guns and said that they still liked what they had eaten with so much enjoyment and would henceforth add crow meat to their diet.

Dr. Stallings apologized to those who had been upset by his revelations, but made a sensible and serious little speech about the crow problem and his reasons for solving it. "Right now," he said, "we're killing crows by the thousands but I realized that we need not merely destroy a pest; we can make him an economic asset and, what's more important, a gastronomic delight. If we start eating this bird as well as denying him, not of our fields and pastures we shall soon be rid of him."

Inspired by the resourceful Doctor Jess Pullen, the state's assistant attorney general, gave a dinner to which he invited Governor E. W. Marland and a lot of other political, professional and business bigwigs. This time there was no merel about the main course. Everybody present knew he was packing in crow and, to a man, they pronounced the meat good. While newsreel cameras were focussed on His Excellency, the Governor, he absorbed forkful after forkful of baked, stuffed crow with a contented expression on his features.

Soon after this occasion the Mayor of Wichita, Kansas, served crow at a State dinner and other communities in the Middle West took up the idea. At Decatur, Illinois, the brothers of the Tau Kappa Epsilon fraternity at James Milliken University banqueted on crow provided free of charge by the State Conservation Department.

Right now many grocery stores throughout Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska are offering their customers crows along with such well established staples as chickens, steaks and chops and they are selling the carcasses of the unpopular pests, too. The price, at the moment, is around 30 cents a bird.

L. D. Rickey, State Game Warden of Oklahoma, estimates that a quarter of a million crows have been wiped out this year, many times the number killed by shotgund and poison in years past. He's an enthusiastic believer in the "eat crow" movement, and predicts that the time is not far distant when the birds will be sent to markets all over the country, and that what originally began as a pogrom of annihilation will resolve itself into a profitable commercial venture with a reasonable revenue.

The new method of getting rid of crows is to bomb them. In Oklahoma the work is carried out under the supervision of the State game rangers who carefully planned their war on the pests that are pleasing so many palates. The usual procedure is this: In the daytime, when the crows are afield, destroying farm crops and generally making nuisances of themselves, the rangers plant bombs in the trees in which the crows roost at night. The usual bomb is made of a length of stovepipe, a stick of dynamite and several handfuls of No. 4 chilled shot. As many as 400 bombs have been planted in one roosting place. Each bomb is wired to a blasting fuse. At night, when the limbs of the trees are thick with crows, the handle of the box is pushed, there's a blinding flash and a deafening explosion. And when the smoke has cleared away, dead crows by the earthload litter the trees and the ground beneath. Those that are wounded and still kicking are, humanely, dispatched with clubs.

Those who can't make up their minds to eat crow are being reminded that lions are carrion eaters and that such popular dishes as pork and lobster are scavengers before they come to the table. And they are given plain instructions to make their first experience at crow eating pleasant. They are advised to boil the birds in beef broth, cook until tender, stuff with highly seasoned dressing and then bake. From this point on the crow eater is on his own.

Members of the Fraternity at James Milliken University Picking and Cleaning Crows for the Recent Banquet.

Oklahoma State Game Rangers With a Pile of Blasted Crows Near Shawnee. Ten Thousand Birds Were Annihilated at Once.

After a Crow Blast at Sulphur, Okla., Wagons Carted the Dead Birds to Town for Feasts.

One Bomb Killed Thousands of Crows, Some of Them Dead on the Tree Limbs. The Floor of the Forest Is Carpeted With Black Bodies.

DL PR OHM ARA

LONDON.

IF A FEW short years ago a cocktail potter of the fellow in the photograph at the right had made his appearance on the streets of the British capital, he would have been pointed to some pop-eyed bobby and the citizens walking on the sidewalk would have wondered what the chap was cavorting in such a bizarre manner.

Today, however, it is not an uncommon sight to see such a modern Paul Revere riding over the highways in London and elsewhere in the British Isles and even the youngsters understand why he's dressed that way and accompanying an ear-splitting noise. They know that England is getting ready for the day when enemy bombing planes may come out of the sky.

In the next few months Britishers will accompany cyclists like this riding through the land and, although the piercing shriek coming from the loud speaker will not be easy on their nerves or their ears they will raise no protest. They know that Army experts are experimenting with devices that will, in the shortest possible time, warn as many people as possible to duck for shelter.

In the days of the American Revolution war was not the highly technical and efficient business that it is today, and Paul Revere, clattering along the roads around Boston on a horse, was able to spread the alarm that the British were coming. Nowadays Mars strikes with devastating swiftness and power, and ways must be found to flash the blood-chilling news that he is roaring through the sky to destroy life and the peacetime works of so-called civilization.

One man riding a bicycle, equipped like the one shown on this page, can tell thousands of people in a few minutes that trouble is on the way. The loud-speaker is of the latest design and the electrical apparatus that goes with it can make a din that can be heard for a mile or more. Every day sirens are sounded in cities all over England, and men with queer-looking pieces of machinery may be seen at various distances from the source of the sound. These machines are detectors and they are finding out which types of sirens can be heard the greatest distance. Alarm bicycles like that shown here will be kept in London's police station garages.

Henry Mullins of Whitla, Ga., and His Bride, Formerly Anita Sherloh of Chicago. Both Are Twenty-four Years Old.

This Is One of the Alarm Cyclists Being Trained in London to Warn the Public Against Gas and Air Raids in Time of War. The Alarm Apparatus Consists of a Loud-Speaker, Through Which Siren Wails Are Amplified and Made Audible for Miles.

H 7f 9W O 5f 3

"THE LONG and short of it," said Henry Mullins, as he whisked the new Mrs. Mullins' pretty face eight feet in the air to plant a kiss on her lips, "is that we love each other and that's more difference of a yard in our heights doesn't matter."

The bridegroom, as the photograph at the left shows, is a giant—seven feet and nine inches tall, to be exact—and his bride, the former Anita Sherloh, of Chicago, is a wee bit of a woman only three inches more than five feet. They were married the other day in Springfield, Missouri, and it was a great day for all concerned. Never, since public officials started recording vital statistics in that sovereign State had they seen a pair like this.

Reporters thought of a thousand questions to ask the Mullinses. How did they happen to fall in love? Why, when he felt the urge to go domestic, didn't the towering Mr. Mullins, pick someone his own size? That was easy to answer because there aren't half a dozen women in the world who are as elongated as The Georgia giant. Did they think they were going to be happy together, this great big man and this petite young woman? Where did they expect to settle down and would a special house have to be built to accommodate the Gargantuan bridegroom?

To all these queries the newlyweds just smiled and said that, like thousands of other couples, they had met, fallen in love and decided to get married. They didn't know where they'd live. Wherever they went they would be happy.

Mr. Mullins hinted that he supposed his unusual height would, in a way, be a handicap to him and his bride because, everywhere they go people will gape at them and remark on the difference in their size. "However," he said, "there's nothing I can do about that. Like Pop Eye, I am what I am, and I'll just have to give up the idea of going anywhere in public without attracting attention to me—and, of course, to Mrs. Mullins."

The giant sees no reason why he shouldn't have an ideal married life. He even found a precedent on which to base his expectations—in the case of Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Leslie, of Minneapolis. Mr. Leslie is a six-footer. Mrs. Leslie is a midget, weighing only 45 pounds—and they have a little daughter to bless their union.

A TL S P

ANYONE who ever has seen an old dog, gray and hobbling around on stiff legs, will not scoff at the canine perambulator shown in the photograph below. It was designed by a Mrs. White, of Margate, England, for the comfort of her 14-year-old dog "Punch," so old and infirm that he can't get around on his own legs.

For a time after the dog couldn't navigate on his own, his mistress used to carry him in her arms for his airing. But this didn't work out well either for the woman or the pet. So, with her husband's help, she devised the comfortable little wagon, with a canvas tonneau, for "Punch," and a strap to go around his back to keep him from trying to get out and hobble after stray cats and such.

The cart was worked out so that it would be easy on the dog and easy for Mrs. White. It has three rubber-tired wheels, the front wheel on a swivel and the two rear ones fitted to a light hub. The curved handle, which turns the front wheel, is just the proper length to fit into the woman's hand. It has a short crossbar for her to hold onto.

When photographs of the dog cart found their way into the London newspapers a perambulator manufacturer saw a picture, called on Mrs. White at her Margate home and got her permission to improve the device somewhat and produce the humane vehicle in quantity. He anticipates much business from owners of invalided pets.

This Perambulator, Designed by a Kind Mistress for Her Sick Dog, at Margate, England, Gave Manufacturers an Idea, and the Vehicles Probably Will Find a Market Throughout the British Isles.

© 1936, by International Newsreel, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Talked Two Hours to a Dead Man to Save Her Own Life

Through the Night, Beside the Friend Her Jealous Husband Had Murdered, Rode Quick-Witted Mrs. Thomas, Keeping Up Her Ghastly One-Sided Conversation to Ward Off the Bullet That Would Kill Her

"Is he still alive?" Continually Asked Mrs. Thomas' Husband, Holding the Pistol in Readiness, She Believed, to End Her Own Life If Her Answer Had Been No. And Knowing That the Man He Had Shot Was Dead, She Spoke Long Minute After Minute for Two Hours, Into the Death-Deafened Ear Beside Her, Sometimes Simulating a Groan or a Response, So That the Killer Would Think Himself Not Yet a Murderer, and Knowing That If He Did, He Would Certainly Kill Her.

FOR two terror-ridden hours, while the lights of the little coupe in which she was riding cut a white path through the night, young Mrs. Lillie Thomas, of Washington, D. C., cradled the cold head of a dead man on her shoulder and talked softly and constantly into the ears she knew would never hear again.

She did it to save her own life.

"I felt the shock of my husband's bullet as it tore into poor Pat's body. The police say that if it had been a little larger caliber it would have gone all the way through and killed me, setting beside him," said Mrs. Thomas.

After the shock of the bullet that ploughed into Pat's heart, began a nightmare ride from Washington that took her ever more than sixty miles in the two hours with a murderer at the wheel, a corpse as a passenger and a woman who knew she would be killed the moment the killer's fear-crazed brain realized his true victim was dead.

But Mrs. Thomas knew. After the first shock of the bullet she held the wounded man's wrist in her hands. She felt his pulse grow weaker, slower, more irregular. Then, for the first moment she felt it speed up, almost to normal, and then stop. She felt his hand grow cold in hers, and his head swayed crazily as the car lurched around corners in his mad. But she never ceased talking.

Now and then she had to touch him, and those touches left blood upon his face.

Other women, sweethearts, mistresses and wives have sat through endless nights of death with the men they loved, pouring words of sorrow and pleas into dead ears in the wretched hope that those ears might hear and that life might return.

Mrs. Thomas talked because her husband had ordered it.

"Don't talk to me, talk to him," the killer had whispered. "When he dies you get it, too."

Her talk in the coupe did save her life. At the end of the midnight journey her husband killed himself.

It was one of the most dreadful experiences a woman ever went through mentally and yet she isn't entirely unscathed because it may be a long time if ever before the effects on her nervous system have healed.

Seven years ago two childhood sweethearts of Westmoreland County, Virginia, not far from where George Washington was born, went to the altar promising to love and cherish each other until death. They were Clifton D. Thomas at that time 24 years old, and Lillie Balderson, 20, one of the prettiest girls in the county.

Not long after this Gilmer L. Snyder, Fredericksburg lawyer, known as "Pat," and only 26 years old made the same promises with another attractive young girl. But in both cases love sickened and died. With the Snyders it had passed away peacefully, they were separated and thinking about divorce when Thomas' revolver made it needless.

Snyder, though he had not his wife's love, had held his job as an airplane mechanic in Washington all through the depression, and had a pilot's license. Thomas also made a fair living as an attendant at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in the capital. As a family the Thomases were the more prosperous because Lillie also worked in a beauty parlor, earning, with tips, about $25 a week.

For the first three years, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas were happy, then, Lillie says a change came over Clifton. He became irritable, moody and subject to fits of temper in which he was abusive and threatening.

Under these changed conditions her love slowly died but not until the last year did she make up her mind to the final step of leaving him. Several times after a quarrel he had ordered her to pack up and get out, but each time she refused and he, ashamed, submitted and pretended he was sorry. Once she left him for a week, but he found her instantly and sent for her clothes later.

Once out she knew she would never return. Her two apartment was all her own and life, though lonely, was peaceful. But Thomas knew that he had been obeyed, didn't like it and frequently "pestered" his wife to come back.

Then, two months after she left Thomas, Lillie met Snyder in a beauty-room. They were just friends she said. "I didn't love him. He was somebody who was awfully nice to me."

She knew Snyder was married but she wanted companionship, somebody to whom "I could talk"; somebody who was "real." So she dated Snyder for a period of three months.

All the while her husband was growing more moody and more jealous of the woman he had ordered to "get out and stay out." Several nights a week he would post himself just across the street from her apartment and for hours would stand nervously puffing cigarettes. Sometimes she would leave her room by a rear entrance or by a fire escape on the side of the building to avoid him.

Once or twice he went to her apartment to beg forgiveness and on innumerable occasions he telephoned her. But she was gone forever, as far as he was concerned and finally he seems to have realized it. Of his love all the tender elements had evaporated leaving only the poisonous dregs of jealousy.

One Monday evening, August 24, Snyder called at the apartment in his little coupe and, as if Pats were relearning the tragedy they drove over almost the same route, in peace, that they were so soon to repeat in death and the fear of it. At 11:30 they returned and the car stopped outside the apartment.

"At that moment," Lillie says, "my husband appeared. I quickly wound up the window on my side, but he ran around to Pat's window and said: 'I want to talk to you, too.' Neither of us was afraid because we had done no wrong, so we both agreed, but he said, 'No, drive somewhere else. What I have to say is private and I don't want to advertise it.' Neither of us liked that and we refused. At this he pulled out the same pistol he had threatened me with before and poking it against Pat's ribs, ordered him to move over.

"Pat moved over against me, Cliff took his seat, behind the wheel, slammed the door and began to drive.

"I'll never forget how he kept that gun in his left hand, one finger curled around the trigger, while his thumb and the tips of the other three fingers held the left side of the wheel.

"When he shifted gears, he held the wheel entirely with those fingers and each time I hoped Pat would snatch at the gun, but he didn't. I don't think Pat really had any fear, but I was beginning to worry, and when he drove around Washington, refusing either to talk or stop, I got frightened. When he reached the highway bridge we both begged him to turn back, but he insisted that it would be better to say what he had to say in Virginia.

"I screamed and he said:

"'Keep quiet or I'll let you have it.'

"I shut up because I knew he meant it. But poor Pat didn't know the man, and still thought he could make everything clear when they talked. We passed through Alexandria, eight miles from Washington along the same back road we had just been over and I wondered if he had been following us in another car. I felt sure of this when he swung us out onto the Mt. Vernon Highway, just as we had done that very evening. We had almost reached Mt. Vernon when he suddenly stopped the car and said:

"'Let's all go together!'

"'You don't know what you are doing,' Pat told him in a calm voice, and I repeated it. My husband did not answer and for a moment just twisted that gun back and forth in his left hand as if he were loosening up his wrist. I watched the shiny thing, sort of hypnotized, wanting to scream to Pat that he must grab it.

"Suddenly Cliff pushed the gun against Pat's side and there was an explosion. I felt the shock of that bullet, going into Pat's body as if Cliff had hit him a heavy blow with his fist.

"Pat did not speak. I don't know if he even moved after the shot, which they say went through his heart and almost through his body. I grabbed the gun and tried to get it away. Pat Snyder, with his stronger hands, could have done it but not I. In a minute he had torn it away from me and I shut my eyes so I wouldn't see him kill me. After nothing happened for a moment, I opened them and saw he was staring with his mouth open at Pat.

"'My God!' he sort of sobbed. 'What have I done?'

"Without another word, he turned back to the wheel and drove ahead.

"'Are you taking him to a hospital?' I asked.

"'Yes,' he answered, 'of course I am.'

"'Where?'

"'At Fredericksburg, that's the nearest.'

Mrs. Gilmer L. Snyder, the Estranged Wife of the Friend With Whom Mrs. Thomas Went Riding on That Dreadful Night.

Mrs. Lillie Balderson Thomas, the Heroine of the Tragic Midnight Murder Ride.

Clifton D. Thomas, Who, After Killing His Wife's Friend, Finally Killed Himself.

"It wasn't because we were only about 15 miles out of Washington and Fredericksburg was 55 miles away. I told him that, but he kept saying, 'No, Fredericksburg' and drove as fast as the 1934 car could go. Every few minutes he asked me if Pat was still alive. I held Pat's right hand and felt his pulse. They say a man shot through the heart could not have any pulse, but I am sure I felt it for about ten minutes and then it stopped. I knew he was dead then, but I kept right on saying that he was alive and would be all right. That he was to save my own life.

"'What a mess I've made of everything,' he said as we neared Fredericksburg. 'I'll never be able to explain away this shooting.'

"I told him that the explaining wouldn't matter so long as he didn't let Pat die.

"That's right, everything depends on that,' he agreed. 'Are you sure he is still breathing?'

"Just as I was telling that he was, we made a right hand turn and Pat's body, which had been leaning on me, leaned on Cliff and his head fell on Cliff's shoulder. Cliff turned his head and the two faces almost touched.

"'He's dead,' said Cliff.

"I told him that Pat was alive and begged him to hurry. He hurried. He drove like a crazy man around the streets of Fredericksburg but he didn't know what to do. But don't talk to me, talk to him. When he dies, so do you and I.'

"Elmer Morris is his brother-in-law who lives near King George, Court House. All the rest of that 60-mile ride I kept talking into that cold, dead ear that was rolling around on my shoulder. I don't know what I said but it was mostly that everything would be all right and that he would get well and that Cliff hadn't meant to do it.

"Every few minutes Cliff would ask if he was still alive and of course I always lied that he was. Yet all he had to do was feel of Pat's left hand which must have been as cold as his right on my side. Toward the last I guess I wasn't more than half conscious. All I can remember is that I kept on talking to poor, dead Pat.

"Then suddenly the car did stop. I hadn't dared to run away before because I was sure it would only make him shoot me in the back. But this time I jumped out and ran screaming toward the nearest house which I didn't recognize until Elmer and his wife Emma opened the door. I ran in and fainted.

"When I came to, they had found Pat's body in the car but Cliff was gone. He was found later some distance down the road where he had put a bullet through his brain.

"Elmer took me to the home of Commonwealth Prosecuting Attorney Joseph A. Billingsley, who took me to Judge Wyatt B. Walker. They made me tell it all though I was almost crazy but they knew it was true. I wish I could stop thinking about it, and dreaming is even worse."

© 1935, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved

Voted By Children, "Meanest Man In The World"

THE title of the world's "meanest man" perhaps goes to John Richards of Glasgow, Scotland. He can be thankful, at any rate, that the malignant parents of the city did not take the law into their own hands and give him the treatment he deserved when they answered his competition for "Glasgow's Meanest Child," was "nothing but a swindle from beginning to end."

Nearly 3,000 biased judges had gathered in front of the City Hall on the eve of a recent national holiday to see toys and medals distributed to their children and to share in a feast of steak-and-kidney pie that had been promised them by Richards when he sold them tickets.

The big southern event was a "Punch and Judy" night. The toy was thick enough to eat—a genuine "pea-shooter." A vote went was howling in from the sea and it wasn't music for the shivering fathers and their mothers and fathers to be standing in puddles waiting for the treat.

Then the most consoling fact of modern life—the fact that all wrongs get stuck and blisters pie enough to warm any Scotsman's heart. And there were the prizes for the youngsters too, all scrubbed and dressed to their best finery excited. There were parents but given their instructions on how to behave when they received a prize, for each knew that their child was "Glasgow's Meanest."

But the kids and lassies had wouldn't behave. After an hour of waiting they saw with dismay that their fine prizes were losing their peaks and pretzels in the rain. The commotion could not be allowed to spoil the fun, however. In order to protect the City Hall from the violence of the indignant special police barriers were called.

The Chief of Police was aroused from his bed and hurried to the scene. He ordered the barred the detail to expose the Assembly Rooms and 2,000 parents and children filed in. The remainder of the crowd still almost unnerving mistake, reasoning that the entertainment was over, which they were entitled.

Those inside saw no shooting for the promoters of the

The Chief of Police Made a Speech Saying There Would Be No Feast and No Prizes. The Mob Then Matched to the Police Station to File 500 Complaints.

meeting. One prompt noticed that a section of the wall had been set aside for the sponsors. Seated there was a rubicund, self-assured senator, who was to have presented the prizes. He had entered the hall from a side entrance several hours before and was waiting for the show to begin. He seemed quite at ease. Indeed, he showed little sense of the peculiar. He tried to criticize that he was an opponent of the swindle as the children were. But he could not be heard above the shouting and he was ill advised of assuming rough treatment.

The police managed to force the mob away and quiet their indignant ranks by a piece of strategy. The Chief of Police made a speech saying that the toys and medals had been found, but they could not be distributed because their hands had been full. He also said that both the feast and the prizes were the result of stock and interest on the money they paid for the tickets. He advised his angry audience to refer those responsible.

But the crowd only exasperated the juvenile. A section of the mob, reinforced by parents, numbering 2,000 strong, now marched to the Central Police station, where they were kept in complete control against firearms. The effect of these armed men on the police could be taken from the excited cries of those people.

"That he that caused 3,000 people, who had interrupted holidays to assemble at the City Hall for the purpose of receiving a holiday treat and failed to provide the treat."

Richards' solicitor tried to show that the contest was genuine at the beginning, but the attorney for the people proved that it was a swindle by pointing out that, although the City Hall held 2,000 persons, about 8,000 tickets had been sold.

Richards, it seems, had told in the sale the actual selling of tickets. He had applied to the city's unemployment exchange for canvassers, and got them to canvass almost every district in Glasgow to get orders for the contest.

There was an entrance fee of a shilling, and the canvassers were told to state as an inducement that they were to give a ticket for each entrant, worth 2 shillings, for the entertainment. The Court sentenced Richards to six months' imprisonment. The greatest penalty it could impose. The verdict satisfied the parents, but the many jeering children held a contest of their own in which they voted Richards "the meanest man in the world."

A Detective Story "Thriller"--But It Really Happened

WHEN the Diesel schooner, J. Lonen, put into Georgetown, Grand Cayman Island, in the Caribbean Sea, a few months ago, to unload a catch of loggerhead and hawksbill turtles taken off the Central American coast, two emaciated and wretched figures crawled out on the wharf. They were Don Labrecque, a private detective from France, and Armand Tardiff, his prisoner.

At Labrecque's request a colored guard of Caymanian natives took charge of Tardiff for a week, or until the Jamaica packet Cimbaova sailed on its weekly trip to Kingston. From there the detective expected no trouble in getting his man back to France on the regular liner that operate regularly to New York and from there across the Atlantic. He said he would prefer a charge of murder.

The story he told at Georgetown was a remarkable tale of peril and unheard of hardships. Almost a year ago, Labrecque left his home and came to this country to "get his man." Information received had placed him in Utica, N. Y. There it was found that he had gone to Mexico.

Wearily, Labrecque followed, then to Cuba, which finally led him to Central America. He finally found his man in Nicaragua at the little seaport of Principolca.

He engaged passage in Kingston, Jamaica, for himself and prisoner on a small turtle schooner. A gale blew them almost a hundred miles off their course. The schooner began leaking badly she had to be abandoned. The three members of the crew jumped into a dory, abandoning the two men with nothing but an open, earthy ship's yawl.

This they took to and set sail, the handicap he was placing on them. Labrecque, however, manfully grasped one in his iron hand and the other to Tardiff, resolved no freak of fortune, not even death, should separate him from his captive.

With no food or water they were tossed about all that day and the following night. About dawn the wind and waves urged their fragile craft ashore onto a small and what they soon discovered, was a barren isle. Weak from lack of food, mouths dry and tongues parched from no water, they staggered along the rocky shore which rose to a cliff they estimated to be 100 feet high.

They came to a wooden vessel. Nothing but the coral incrusted hull remained. This completely blocked their passage and they had to climb through it. If there was water it would be beyond the wreck and up on the steep slope. Half way through they were startled by squeals and a small army of great gaunt rats attacked them. There were hundreds of them. They broke into such a rio as they could maintain, shackled together as they were and in their weakened condition.

Once they fell and when they managed to regain their feet blood was streaking from their torn cheeks and ears. The rascals nearly had them, but by yelling and kicking at them they got through and hurried along the shore. When far enough beyond the danger point, they fell to the ground side by side by the lapping. Finally Labrecque spoke:

"We must be at rest to survive at all which seems doubtful, we must work together. Singly, each one of us bent on getting the other, we die. First we must break these handcuffs. What do you say?" Tardiff agreed, but how to get rid of the cuffs? The key had been lost or left on the foundered schooner.

Fortunately, they had matches as Labrecque always carried some in a waterproof box. There was plenty of driftwood on the rocks. The chain on the cuffs was extra long so they found it possible to lay it on the fire protecting their hands and wrists by holding pieces of wood upright.

His Head Hit a Rock and He Lay Stunned. The Rats Rushed for the Meal, But Tardiff Drove Them Back With Firebrands.

Even then their skin soon showed red and blistered. When the chain became red hot they plunged it into the ocean. By this heating and cooling process they managed eventually to take the temper out of the chain so it could be broken with big rocks. It was a tiresome, painful task, but at last they were separated.

Just below the water they found dozens of tropical mussels which they ripped from the rocks. Those they roasted and after a fashion appeased their hunger. Half way up the side of the cliff, as they had hoped, they found a small stream of water trickling from a crevice. It was a gruesome place for lying around the floor were three skeletons, long since picked clean of flesh by predatory rodents.

Here, evidently, survivors of a wreck had once found refuge only to die, in all probability from starvation. The two men looked down the cliff to where the wrecked hull lay. Even at their distance they could hear the rats squeal. They shuddered. From the moment of his arrest Tardiff had protested his innocence to Labrecque. Here where they stood face to face with death he reiterated it.

As day after day passed it became not a matter of innocence or guilt, simply a case of the survival of the fittest. The driftwood fire was kept burning constantly night and day. One man had to keep watch continually. The rats were always reconnoitering for an attack. To sleep unguarded would mean an overwhelming rush of the rodents and death. Only by throwing firebrands did the men discourage the rats.

Not a bush nor a tree grew on this desolate spot. With the one available jackknife stout rods had been fashioned from driftwood to fend the rats off. Only for an abundance of mussels they would have quickly starved. As it was the time soon came when the smell even of the cooking shellfish nearly nauseated them. One day they caught a great loggerhead turtle sunning itself. Quickly throwing it on its back they killed it. Turtle soup and boiled turtle saved their lives, they believe.

The men fell away to mere walking skeletons. Now they had no strength to lift their clubs. Had it not been for the fire the rats would have found them easy prey. One day Labrecque stepped on a rolling stone and fell, going almost to the foot of the slope. There his head hit a rock and he lay stunned. The rats rushed for the meal they had waited so long for. Tardiff summoned his last strength, seized an armful of firebrands and staggered to the rescue.

Finally, he drove them back. Labrecque regained consciousness and, supported by Tardiff's arm, half walked, was half dragged back to the cave. That night the turtle schooner J. Lonen, from Grand Cayman, passed near and saw the fire. In the morning the castaways were rescued. They could not have survived much longer. They had been marooned more than six weeks! Nobody on board had ever heard of the island which is evidently uncharted. They had gone far from their regular course seeking new turtling waters. Otherwise the rats would have had their feast.

A few days ago, an acquaintance made at Grand Cayman, while Labrecque and Tardiff awaited the sailing of the Cimbaova, received a short letter from Paris, which said: "Thank God, I did not have to prefer a charge of murder against the man who undoubtedly saved my life on that terrible island. During my absence another confessed and received his sentence. I got my man, but what I got him is a job where I know he will make good.

"DON LABRECQUE"

Why Baldness Is More Prevalent Among Criminals

BALDNESS is twice as common among burglars and other criminals as among the general run of honest people. This surprising discovery was announced recently by Dr. Paul A. Thomas, Chicago scalp specialist, after a two-year survey carried on in 35 cities and various prisons and jails throughout the country.

Hot law-abiding citizens who start losing their hair should not be alarmed at this thought. Nor should it cause well-thatched individuals to distrust everyone with a shiny pate. When a man starts losing his hair, that does not necessarily mean that he is also losing his sense of honesty.

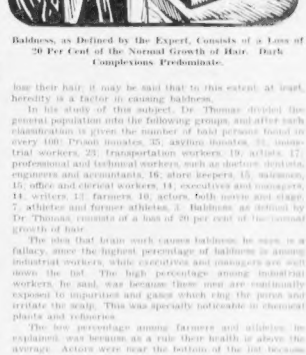
As Dr. Thomas sees it, a criminal turn of mind does not in itself make the hair fall out. If this were so, police work would be fairly simple. When a crime was committed, all the detectives sought have to do is solve it would be to round up all the bald-headed men in the community. Then, by the process of elimination and aided by the third degree, they could perhaps soon pick out the guilty man.

But on the face of it, that is ridiculous, of course. Then granting that Dr. Thomas' survey is accurate, how does it happen that baldness is so much more prevalent among criminals? He says the answer is simple. One of the chief causes of baldness, he has found, is some form of bad health. And from prison records, it appears that criminals as a class are more inclined to be unhealthy than people who lead normal, average lives. Thus it follows that there should be more cases of baldness among the former.

Dissipation and irregular habits are common among criminals, and this has a tendency to cause the nervous and physical disorders that are likely to result in baldness. But one does not have to be criminally minded to lead a dissipated and irregular life, and likewise, one does not have to be a law-breaker to lose his hair.

Dr. Thomas, however, does not wish to give the impression that immorality and excesses of any sort or another are the only causes of baldness. Moreover, one lead the most orderly and upright lives, sometimes lose their hair. Thus there are a number of factors involved, and Dr. Thomas says the main ones are: A failure to give proper care to the hair, poor physical condition generally, local scalp infections, industrial impurities, and nervous disorders that are a result of the sedentary life and the high tension of modern civilization.

Dr. Thomas doubts that heredity, as such, is a direct cause of baldness. It is a fact, however, that many people inherit the sort of nervous structure that are easily upset, and since people of this class show a marked tendency to



Baldness, as Defined by the Expert, Consists of a Loss of 70 Per Cent of the Normal Growth of Hair. Dark Complexions Predominate.

lose their hair, it may be said that to this extent, at least, heredity is a factor in causing baldness.

In his study of this subject, Dr. Thomas divided the general population into the following groups, and their classification is given the number of bald persons found in every 100: Prison inmates, 35; asylum inmates, 31; industrial workers, 23; transportation workers, 19; actors, 17; professional and technical workers, such as doctors, dentists, engineers and accountants, 16; short lived people, 15; salesmen, 15; office and clerical workers, 14; executives and managers, 14; writers, 13; farmers, 10; actors, both movie and stage, 7; athletes and former athletes, 3. Baldness as defined by Dr. Thomas consists of a loss of 70 per cent of the normal growth of hair.

The idea that brain work causes baldness, he says, is a fallacy, since the highest percentage of baldness is among industrial workers, while executives and managers are well down the list. The high percentage among industrial workers, he said, was because these men are continually exposed to impurities and gases which clog the pores and irritate the scalp. This was specially noticeable in chemical plants and refineries.

The low percentage among farmers and athletes, he explained, was because as a rule their health is above the average. Actors were near the bottom of the list because as a class they take better care of their hair than most people, since to a considerable extent, their jobs depend on their having a pleasing personal appearance.

He said there was no basis for the belief that baldness is a result of old age.

In a study of 25,000 cases, he found that in 6 per cent of the cases baldness began at 20 or under, in 58 per cent between 21 and 30, in 27 per cent between 31 and 40, in 9 per cent between 41 and 50, and in 2 per cent at 60 or over.

Exploding a number of superstitions, traditions and old beliefs about hair, Dr. Thomas said:

"Singeing does not make the hair healthier; the theory of singeing is that it lets 'sap' flow out of the hair but the hair contains no sap. Shaving the scalp or clipping the hair does not make hair grow faster. Shaving removes the scalp to impurities and often allows infection.

"Worry or shock cannot turn the hair white. When a white hair is pulled out, two will not grow in its place. A greater percentage of blonds become bald than brunettes or redheads. The reason is that blonds have more delicate scalps and hair. The hair of the normal blond contains about 150,000 hairs, a brunette 100,000 and a redhead only 50,000.

"Stories of persons being scared bald-headed are mythical. Red-headed people are no more quick-tempered than others. There are more brunettes in prisons and insane asylums because the percentage of dark complexioned people is far greater. No proof exists that hair grows after death. A haircut will not weaken a man's diet, contrary to an age-old belief."

How Industrious Hens Are Paying Off The Church Debt

THE First Baptist Church of Woodruff, South Carolina, was confronted with a mighty debt for its new Sunday school building. Each plan was asked to raise something to help pay off this debt, and, of course, they all set to work right away, holding rummage sales, having chicken dinners, and doing one thing and another like that. But the members of the Mothers' Class felt that they should raise their contribution in some way, since all of the usual ones were being used by other classes. How to do this, however, was a problem.

Finally, Mrs. W. B. Westmoreland, the teacher of the class, made a novel suggestion. She pointed out that the Bible says that the seventh day is the Sabbath, and in it, thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor any stranger that is within thy gates." Now, of course, this teacher was specific enough to have, but surely in a general term, meaning any kind of livestock, and as used in the Fourth Commandment, it really ought to be applies to poultry as far as possible.

Her point there is no way for the owner of livestock, and particularly of hens to reap a half on their activities on the Sabbath, it could not be helped if the hens went on laying eggs on Sundays, and on the hand, if a deeply religious person did not want to make use of the Sunday eggs, it would be sinful waste to ignore them or destroy them. Here was a nice point in ecclesiastical ethics of which Mrs. Westmoreland made prompt use. If it was wrong for the owners of hens to profit by their Sunday egg-production, and equally wrong to waste eggs which arrived on the Sabbath, then the only logical disposition of the inevitable eggs was to turn them into profit, not for individuals but for the support of religion itself.

"It hardly seems right," she said, "for members of a Sunday School class, and particularly a mothers' class to profit by or ignore or waste the eggs which their hens provided on Sunday. There is of course, no way to instill enough religious thought into the small head of a hen to induce her to quit working on the Sabbath and hens are not inclined even to rest up every seven days. But what we can do is to refrain from making use of or selling the Sunday eggs for our own benefit. But we can sell them, and then donate the proceeds from those eggs to a fund for liquidating the church debt."

Before this, few members of the class had given any thought as to whether or not it is wrong to profit by the Sunday work of hens. But when the teacher made the suggestion, everyone promptly agreed with her. So there was no need for any theological discussion. It might be something to bother about so far to say that it was wrong, and then again it might not. But the point was, here was an excellent way to help pay for the new Sunday school building.

So every Monday morning, the members of the class send their Sunday eggs to Mrs. O. E. Westmoreland, who is secretary and treasurer of the class, and she in turn sells them to merchants or other people, at current prices. Since they are day-old yard-eggs, they are fresh as fresh, and almost everyone is right glad to get them.

For the past two years, the members of the class have been doing this, and they intend to keep on doing it. The first year, which was 1934, the eggs brought in a total of $156.55, and in 1935 the total was $126. This decrease, however, was not because the hens fell down on the job, but on account of a fluctuation in prices, which range from time to time between ten and thirty-five cents a dozen.

© 1936, by Newspaper Boards, Inc. Gene Tunney Rights Reserved.

Optimistic Mrs. Garland Tries a Sixth Husband

Gave Up $333,333.33 a Year to Marry Her Second, One Son Gave Away His Million Inheritance and Founded a Free-Love Colony, But Hopeful Still at Sixty, She Gambles For Happiness Once More

Charles Garland, Mrs. Garland's Equally as Money-Scorning Son, Refused to Take a Million and a Quarter Inheritance Because He Thought He Hadn't Earned It, and Founded a Free-Love Colony on a Massachusetts Farm.

The Former Mrs. Charles Garland, Who Stood Her Husband's Unusual Conduct Long Enough to Bear Him Four Children, but Finally Divorced Him.

An Old Picture of Mr. James A. Garland, Whose Will Forbade His Wife to Marry Under Penalty of Losing Her Great Income.

Mr. Francis Cushing Green, the Garland Estate Caretaker, Whom Mrs. Garland Thought Worth Giving Up $333,333.33⅓ a Year to Marry.

Mrs. Marie Tudor Garland-Garland-Green-Hale-Rodakiewicz-Fiske.

Mrs. Garland When She Married Her Third Husband, Swinburne Hale, and Who Is Making a Socialistic Speech.

By 1919, sixth marriage, announced recently, Mrs. Marie Tudor Garland Garland Green Hale Rodakiewicz-Fiske seems to have proved that her first husband was not cruel but a prophet. He knew her better than she knew herself.

When James A. Garland, Boston multi-millionaire, suspected that death was near, it is said that he advised the wife, who was soon to be his widow, to stay that way because she would never find another man who could get along with her.

But pretty and lively Mrs. Garland, the former Marie Tudor, said to be a direct descendant of the much married King Henry VIII, disagreed with him vigorously. Regretfully, I fear, dying on sent for his lawyers and asked if there were any way of forcing her to remain single. The lawyers said there was no way of compelling her, but probably she might be persuaded.

So no changes in his will leaving her an income of $333,333.33 a year as long as she did not marry. Some thought it cruel and selfish that his dead hand reached from the grave almost forty years to hold her heart in check. But Garland seems to have known what was best for her from his own experience.

Marie Tudor's first marriage was the outstanding social event of the 1895 society season in Boston, Mass. Beautiful, brilliant, and the fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Tudor of Brighton, she was twenty-three when she was married to James A. Garland, Jr., son of the wealthy James A. Garland, of New York and Hamilton. The marriage was solemnized September 20, 1895, in a fashionable society crowded St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brookline, to see it.

The wedding tour was a trip to Europe, which lasted about a year. And on their return a baby was born. It was reported that the birth came out in time to prevent a separation, and gave Garland a little more time to practice the art of pleasing his wife.

They continued to live together at Brookline, and at Hamilton for six years, accommodating in all four children, and then in the Summer of 1900 society buzzed with that all was not well. A short time later came a separation, which was followed by a reconciliation, and Mrs. Garland returning to the Hamilton estate with her four children.

Harmly had this new order got under way, however, when there came a suit by Mrs. Garland for divorce and a cross-libel by her banker-husband. In a bitter contest Mrs. Garland won her divorce and $15,000 a year alimony. That was in May, 1904.

In September, 1905, while Mrs. Garland and the children were living at Cape Cod, the banker's yacht sailed into Hyannisport, and a bunch went ashore, picked up Mr. former Mrs. Garland, their four children, and then, to everyone's astonishment, put out to sea.

Next day from Bristol, Rhode Island, came word that they had remarried. Everyone marveled, but it was not so strange. Garland loved his wife, and though still unsatisfactory as a husband, had developed much skill and patience in pleasing her than had any other man, he thought. After a year of experience without him, Mrs. Garland seems to have thought so too, and so she came back to him.

Yet their Boston friends, who had been so enthusiastic about the first marriage, for some reason did not approve of the remarriage, and most of them failed to call on the re-married couple. The pair somewhat ruffled, moved to New York, where Mrs. Garland presented her husband with a fifth and scene of her uncertain affections. Then, in 1906, Garland died, leaving that clause in the will making it necessary to marry a very rich man or lose money on the match.

For six years no such person appeared and Marie collected her annual $333,000. Then, declaring that "true love brings more happiness than riches," she married Francis Cushing Green, caretaker of the Garland estate at Buzzard's Bay. Green was the son of the late Commander Francis M. Green, U. S. N., a descendant of James Otis, and a grand-nephew of Mrs. William B. Rogers, whose husband was founder of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, from which Green had been graduated. Though not descended from a king, he was almost her social equal.

The ceremony was performed at Mrs. Garland's Buzzard's Bay home on April 22, 1912, in the presence of her children and a few friends. Again the honeymoon jaunt was to Europe. It was to have been a perpetual honeymoon, but about two years later, in July, she returned alone from Europe and filed suit for divorce from Green.

It was said that the last straw hung over a call over their romance and finally strangled it.

Mr. Garland had been a correct enough, so far, but nobody thanked him for it. For several years the divorced Mrs. Green received her friends at home. Two of her sons, Charles and Hamilton, mourned with her and their resentment at their dead father's action showed itself later in a peculiar manner.

In the Spring of 1921, word from overseas that Marie Tudor Garland Green had married Swinburne Hale, socialist lawyer of New York, who had been divorced the previous year by Beatrice Forbes-Robertson Hale, niece of Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, the English actor.

Beatrice, who had been on the stage with her uncle and with Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree, managed to get herself into public print in 1915 through a clash with neighbors and the Scituate, Mass., police chief over her insistence that her nineteen-months-old girl twins must be allowed to run nude on Scituate Beach.

Only five months before Marie Tudor's marriage to Swinburne Hale, her second son, Charles R. "Harley" Garland, Harvard graduate, who had just attained his majority, startled the world by announcing that he would not accept the approximately $1,000,000 left him under the terms of his father's will.

His mother already had gone to Europe when Charles made his decision public, but he announced that before her departure she had advised him to use his own judgment in making any decision and to accept or reject the inheritance as he saw fit.

"I feel," said Charles, "that private property is the main cause of our unrest and happiness. I did nothing for the money. I was not even given an opportunity to decide whether I needed it.

"The money is more than any man needs. It might be doing poor people a lot of good instead of accumulating to no purpose."

Hamilton Garland, then a sophomore at Harvard, declared at the same time he would follow his brother's example and reject his $1,000,000 portion upon attaining his majority.

"No reason exists why I should have such an advantage over my fellow man," said Hamilton. "As I have never done anything to deserve the money, I shall not accept it."

The boys had such a delightful feeling of importance preaching to reporters how the world ought to be run, without money, capitalism, marriage and other such antiquated ideas" that most people did not take the "great renasa" too seriously. Though Hamilton, a little later permitted the legacy of over a million dollars to be forced on him, and Charles accepted a little of it, both boys really were serious. Charles' share went to a fund to aid labor causes, radical publications, workers' schools and such movements.

Charles, though he had a fashionable wife, the former Mary Wrenn, of Dedham, and a baby daughter, tested his radical ideas by founding his notorious "April Farm" at Carver. His justification for this free-love establishment was that he saw no evidence that God had sanctioned marriage any more than money.

Charles found plenty of young men and women to share his "young ideas." Among them were two proteges of his mother, Lillian Conrad, her secretary, and Doris Benson, a college student. He publicly announced that he was in love with Lillian, and a little later converted Doris to his "advanced" thinking and acting. A girl reporter from Boston managed to get in to the farm by pretending that she was a convert, but when she declined to be as free with her love as was expected of true believers she was thrown out.

Strangest of all, Garland succeeded in reconciling his wife to the free-love idea, she maintaining a home for him in a Boston suburb and humbly accepting such crumbs of affection as did not fall to the lady zealots at Carver. She bore him four children. Garland's neighbors and the Massachusetts authorities, however, were not so advanced, making so much trouble for him that he removed his "emotional laboratory" to a Pennsylvania farm, near Allentown.

One of his soul-mates or, as he preferred to call them, "mental mates," was Bettina Hovey, starry-eyed, just out of college and eager to set the world right.

While she was a member of the colony, she became a mother, and it was said that Garland was the father of her child. The child died and there was an investigation which caused most of the members of the colony to flee. But the authorities decided the child had been suffocated during the night in its crib. The investigation, however, resulted in Garland being sentenced to sixty days in jail and fined $500 on a charge of adultery.

That was a bit too much for Charles' long-suffering wife, who divorced him and married Ellison Morris, printer and publisher, in 1929. It also quieted Charles down because since then he has kept out of jail and the public eye.

Some psychologists think Charles' peculiar behavior is due to a sort of subconscious spite against marriage because his mother's second one lost her that huge income, yet she was not happy, and against his legacy because this was from his father whose will placed the mother in that dilemma. Hamilton proved a disappointment to his brother, marrying Inez Mann, of Buzzard's Bay, who was another of his mother's secretaries. It is said that it was her arguments that caused him finally to accept the legacy, which by that time had grown to $1,250,000.

Perhaps as punishment for this, he quietly divorced her, turning up suddenly in 1933, with a brand-new, freshly-divorced wife, ex-partner of a Broadway song-and-dance man, in the vaudeville team of Barry and Fitzgibbon.

Fitzgibbon was in some ways the most advanced thinker of all, guiding his life by astrology. The stars told him that his wife had fallen in love with Garland and when she confirmed it, he bowed himself off the matrimonial stage. Hamilton and his second wife are still married, living on his mother's estate at Buzzard's Bay.

Meanwhile, the mother was too busy trying to prove that old Mr. Garland had been wrong in his death-bed prophecy to correct her son Charles if, indeed, she thought his behavior needed correction. The descendant of Henry VIII became displeased, in 1923, with Swinburne Hale, whom she had married because she liked his combination talents of lawyer, poet and radical.

She seems not to have been much interested in his law practice, but is said to have complained that he was too much of a poet and not a red enough radical, so before long Mr. Hale was no longer accompanying Mrs. Hale on her constant travels. This criticism, being exactly the opposite of his previous wife, must have left Mr. Hale with a somewhat confused idea of how a husband should behave. But anyway, the former Marie Tudor was divorced again, and once more her first husband appeared to have guessed right.

Mrs. Hale was still the wife of the international lawyer when more reports came, wind of which was one that she was preparing to go around the world in her own boat with a company of young scientists and adventure-seekers.

The verified part of the reports by turning up at Fairhaven, across the bay from New Bedford, with a trim schooner yacht named Blue Moon.

There were to be three passengers at least—Homaar Rodakiewicz, a Russian anthropologist, who would make still and motion pictures along the course of the journey; Lola Ridge, a poetess, who had just had a volume published, and Lola's husband, David Lawson, writer.

There was considerable to do for some time regarding the fitting up and storing of supplies aboard the Blue Moon, during which the name of Homaar Rodakiewicz was frequently mentioned.

Then it was suddenly announced that the cruise was off because the boat was not suitable for such an arduous trip. She would go later on a bigger boat.

The trip never materialized, however, but a divorce from Swinburne Hale did. And although records of her subsequent and fifth marriage are vague, she is said to have married the Russian scientist, Rodakiewicz, as the fifth husband. But he must have proved as unsatisfactory as the others because the other day, her son, Hamilton, announced that his mother had become a bride for the sixth time, as the wife of J. Allen Fiske, business man of Peoria, Illinois.

Hamilton said that the wedding had been a secret one in Boston, some ten months before and that the newlyweds were somewhere in Mexico. The bride is now in her sixties, so perhaps with age and so much matrimonial experience she may have learned how to be happy though married, and at last will be able to pass the tomb of her first husband without feeling as if he were saying:

"I told you so."

© 1929, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

EYESTRAIN thrives on poor lighting! It is a real and dangerous foe of childhood. It saps nervous energy and often causes physical upsets and defective vision. It is largely responsible for the fact that one out of every five children of school age, on an average, has something wrong with his eyes. By college age, two out of five are affected.

Follow these sight-saving rules: Have your children's eyes examined regularly by a competent eyesight specialist. Have your home lighting checked by your lighting company. When your children read or study, be sure that they do so in plenty of good light . . . such as the light provided by I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps.

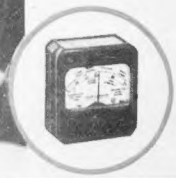
Be careful about the kind of bulbs you buy. Inferior bulbs often waste as much as 30 per cent of the electricity they use . . . depriving your eyes of light they need.

In fairness to your children's eyes, and your own, insist on bulbs made by General Electric. They don't waste electricity, and they STAY BRIGHTER LONGER than inferior bulbs. G-E makes 480 tests and inspections during manufacture to guard against the smallest imperfections—to safeguard your eyes and your pocketbook.

Keep plenty of these good bulbs on hand . . . especially the larger, sight-saving sizes. Get a fresh supply from your dealer tomorrow . . . and *look carefully* for the mark GE on each bulb.

I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps

These new lamps help protect the eyesight of young and old because they give several times as much light as ordinary lamps . . . soft, diffused, glareless light . . . spread over a wide working surface. See I. E. S. Better Sight Lamps in a wide variety of different styles and models at your department store, lighting company, furniture or electrical store. Look for the I. E. S. approval tag on each lamp.



New Light Meter

Here is a new device which measures light as simply as a thermometer measures temperature. Ask your lighting company to send an expert to check your lighting with a LIGHT METER. She can tell you whether you have the proper amount of light and the right kind of lighting for seeing safely. She can also help you achieve the comfort, charm and cheer that good lighting offers every home.

Insist on bulbs that
STAY BRIGHTER LONGER

MAZDA LAMPS
MADE BY
GENERAL ELECTRIC
now only

15¢

15·25·40·60 WATT SIZES

G-E MAKES A LAMP FOR.. It is the best lamp you can buy at the price. 7½, 15, 30 and 60-watts. Each one is marked like this . . . . GE **10¢**

GENERAL ELECTRIC

Why "Boy-Crazy" Girls Do Such Silly Things

Professor Laird, Eminent Psychologist, Discusses a Problem That Worries Many Modern Parents and Gives a Few Helpful Suggestions as to How to Deal With It

One of the Best Solutions for Boy-Craziness Is Healthful Outdoor Athletic Life With Both Boys and Girls Joining in Sports Together.

KAYE KID
—Pa! Mayme is having another petting party!—Copyright by "Judge."

A Cartoon Indicating That the Boy-Crazy Girl Was a Problem in the Care Age as Well as Today. And There Are Many Who Think That a Good Clubbing Would Do Her Good Even Now.

It Is Not Generally Known, but Queen Louise, the Second Wife of Napoleon Bonaparte, Was a "Boy Crazy" Girl, Who Remained That Way Even After Her Marriage to the Conqueror. The Illustration Is a Painting of Her Baby, Later the Tragic "L'Aiglon."

By DONALD A. LAIRD,
Ph.D., Sc.D., Director Colgate University Psychological Laboratory, Hamilton, N. Y.

THERE are few things which cause mothers more embarrassment, and fathers and mothers more worry, than a boy-crazy girl. And little wonder for there is practically nothing which the boy-crazy girl will not do in order to gain the attention or favor of the temporary object of her romantic desires.

In Hollywood recently a handsome English actor was pestered for several weeks by a romantic young woman. A total stranger to him. But she would be waiting for him in the lobby of his hotel, and no end to use her ability to decide her she must see him in a restaurant and not up to him. Her attentions wearing on everyone, she finally found it about time and some police were sent on such a situation is reported. Many "vamps" of the stage, like the late Adam Menken, rein in private life have an added affair as they have in the movies are examples of boy-crazy women.

Because in finding that although many girls grow out of it—there are still thousands and thousands who, in one form or another, remain boy-crazy all through life, or make love now and then. Even everything, they will not refuse to go to a movie with some girls. Some psychologists who have studied many of these girls have called them "boy-crazy girls." Others, in more polite terms, call them "boy-crazy girls." Others, in more polite terms, call them "boy-crazy girls." Others, in more polite terms, call them "boy-crazy girls."

Dr. Isaac Harvey, of Chicago's famous Institute for Psychoanalysis, has recently concluded that most sensible girls "seem not to love, not because the other sex is attractive to them, but because the assertion of a man serves to reassure them and alleviate their fear of not being normal. This fear itself leads them to be afraid of not being able to have a child, and is a general sense of insecurity about their female value.

"Immaturity of boy-crazy girls," she continues, "expresses itself in a conviction that they are not attractive although they may actually be beautiful. With the immaturity is a strong competitive attitude toward other women, resulting in a compulsive need to conquer one man after another."

Girls may be boy-crazy without their parents realizing it. This is because the usual type of girl keeps her thoughts to herself. Instead of chasing boys, she will read romantic stories and frequent movies which portray great loves. Or she may have a number of pets rather than chasing boys. She can be madly in love with several movie stars and the heroes of any number of stories without her parents ever catching on. Although this type of boy-crazy girl is less likely to get caught in a jam than the one who runs around at all hours of the day and night with a number of boys, the girl who over-indulges her imagination as described is probably doing more injury to her future mental health.

It is girls in large families who are more likely to become boy-crazy types, according to Gertrude Lynch, August Aichhorn, Continental specialist in handling problem children, reports that "every child regards his brothers and sisters as competitors in the struggle for the important first place in the love of the parents." When the youngster feels he, or she, does not occupy an important place in the parents' love, then the youth is predisposed to seek elsewhere for affection. They may turn out to be the furious love-seeker typical of the boy-crazy girl.

Some notion of how widespread is this feeling that they have to turn elsewhere than the home for affection is given by the survey early this year of children in the public schools of London, Ontario. The investigators there were astonished to find that 35 per cent of the school children felt their parents should love them more.

It is facts such as these which lead Dr. Rudolf Allers, of the University of Vienna, to say that boy-crazy girls come from "two main groups, those who have been too strictly brought up (the joyless) and those who have been spoiled (the inordinately exigent)."

Once a girl is started on a boy-crazy career, she is likely to continue, for being with boys and having many lovers does not solve this inner craving. As Dr. Horney says, this kind of girl is not so much interested in the man as she is in showing women that she can get him for herself. It is hard to grow out of being boy-crazy—instead of growing out of it they become married flirts, or, in extreme instances, nymphomaniacs.

The man-crazy woman, the grown-up siren, the married flirt, are usually just a boy-crazy girl who did not find herself and who has not—likely never shall—develop out of the mooning over boys which started when she was around 14 years old. In her day-dreaming, from morning until retiring, she sees beside her, almost as real as life, the phantom form of the one upon whom her fickle fancy has at the moment rested.

The pyramids of Cheops were built, according to the record given by Herodotus, by the numerous boys who had been pursued by the king's boy-crazy daughter.

The statuesque Roman Empress, Messalina, was a boy-crazy girl who became a man-crazy woman. After trying to have her husband killed, she got the idea that she could solve her craziness by having two husbands at once, so she was publicly married to Gaius Silius, a handsome man from one of Rome's most illustrious families. Although her new boy friend was already married, the powerful empress made him put his wife away when Messalina took it into her head to have two husbands at once. The empress having set a precedent, other man-crazy women followed her example and married one or more extra husbands.

St. Jerome has chronicled other instances of women who could not get over being a boy-crazy girl. There was one woman, for instance, who had herself divorced and married to seventeen different men in a year. But the record is recorded by Martial who tells about Thelesilla who had ten husbands in one month.

Modern parents sometimes become worried when their daughters become interested in boys, and send them away to a private school or convent, where they will be kept away from the opposite sex. This does not cure the underlying causes, of course. It is not boys the smitten girls want, what they want is parental love and the full assurance that they are attractive and normal.

A pathetic illustration of how keeping girls away from boys does not cure the craziness comes from the life of the Empress Innocence, Maria Ludovica Leopoldine Francesca Theresa Josepha Lucia, daughter of the Emperor of Austria, better known just as Louise, second wife of Napoleon.

Having seen the scandalous conduct of man-crazy women around the court of Vienna, Louise's father took special precautions that she would not be a foolish, man-crazy woman when she grew up. So he had her brought up in an isolated castle with only women servants around. Even the cats, dogs and domestic animals were female. Nothing male was allowed around the place, except for occasional visits of her father and brother. There was so little parental affection around, that it was almost inevitable that once she was grown up and allowed her freedom, she gradually developed into a man-crazy woman. After Napoleon's fall, when Louise fled to Parma, she began an outrageous flirtation with Count Bombelles, who was called with her to be her business manager. The widowed count was not particularly receptive, but finally Louise, who had been so carefully raised in the effort to keep her from an interest in men, proposed to him herself and insisted that they be married. And before this she had carried on scandalously with General Neipperg, but she had not married Neipperg because Napoleon was still alive.

There are, of course, women-crazy men, the Don Juans and Casanovas. But for several reasons the man-crazy woman is more frequent and makes more of a spectacle of herself. Women's minds are more emotional, they lose themselves completely while the man is more intimist just to play at love. Then, too, there are more women in the world than there are men, this means that there are not enough men to go around and some immature women and girls put on a pathetic struggle to be sure they get more than their share, before they lose out entirely.

Boy-craziness is more noticeable in girls, too, since girls mature into the final love-stage earlier than boys. The final love-stage, when love interests become centered in the opposite sex, usually starts around age 14 in girls, but not until two or three years later in boys. This makes girls become a problem earlier than their brothers do.

The parent may think the best way to solve it is to send the girl away where she will not see boys, or to keep her from going out with boys, when what she really needs is continued—perhaps renewed—parental affection and the confidence that she is attractive and normal. Healthful outdoor exercise with boys and girls joining in sports together, is considered an excellent preventive for boy-craziness.

But after about age 14, it is inevitable that the girl will be increasingly interested in boys, and later in men, until she finds just the right one.

Around age 15 this assumes serious significance for the maiden. From then until she is about twenty-five, the young woman can never quite get rid of the idea that she must get herself a husband. She may go away to the State university, hoping secretly that there she will meet a young man more attractive than the boys in her small home town. She buys clothes, uses cute expressions, visits the hairdresser, all to keep herself attractive.

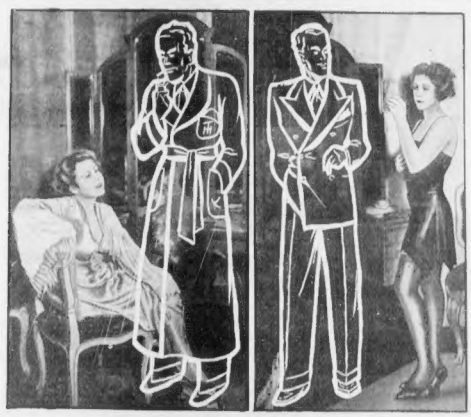
She does not want a dress because it is a bargain, she wants it because the assistant said it makes her alluring. She is a booster for the family's buying anything that will make the front of the house and the living room more attractive to her boy acquaintances who come to see her.

And she is not boy-crazy, she is just a normal young woman with a healthy, natural interest in the opposite sex.

When these natural interests are not handled wisely, and there is lack of parental affection, a boy-crazy girl, and man-crazy woman, is on the way. Dr. Luella Cole recently reported the case of Elaine, a 32-year-old man-crazy woman. Elaine's father died when she was a baby, and Elaine and her sisters and mother lived with an aunt who was a missionary in India. There were no men at the mission, and the girls were not allowed to play with the native children. When Elaine was 15 she was sent to a boarding school, for girls only, in an Eastern State; the rules were very strict and she saw no boys. Two years later she went to college and promptly fell in love with an instructor, even sleeping outside the teacher's door.

After graduating from college, Elaine continued on as an assistant and was working for a master's degree. This is what Dr. Cole reports about her: "During her second graduate year she became boy-crazy in the silliest possible fashion. She chased every man in the department, had two rather scandalous affairs, stayed out nights with men, and generally made a fool of herself. Her behavior closely paralleled that of a 12-year-old girl who has suddenly discovered that boys are nice instead of pests. But Elaine was too old for supervision by the time she reached the same stage. A woman of thirty-two who makes eyes at every man she sees is as retarded in her emotional growth as a high school senior who still plays with dolls."

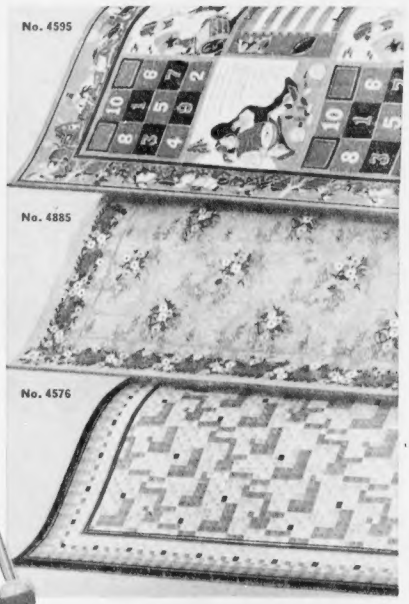
Adah Menken, Famous Actress, Who Was Held Up as the Most Notorious of Boy-Crazy "Vamps" in the Days of Our Grandfathers.



The Main Characteristic of the "Boy-Crazy" Girl, Says Professor Laird, Is That From Waking Until Retiring She Sees Beside Her, Almost as Real as Life, the Phantom Form of the One Upon Whom Her Fickle Fancy Has at the Moment Rested.

© 1930, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

"My, It's Easy To Keep These Rugs Looking Beautiful"



FLOOR CARE isn't what it used to be! At least, *not* for the thousands of women who are spreading new warmth and color throughout their homes with easy-to-care-for Armstrong's Quaker Rugs.

They find—and you'll find, too—that it's almost *child's play* to clean these lovely rugs. A few minutes with a dry mop fully restores their charm and brilliance. And every Quaker Rug is made of good, thick felt, printed in rich oil colors, surface-sealed against staining and spotting.

The rugs shown here are samples of the many beautiful, unusual patterns your local merchant has for you to choose from, at prices that will please you. Be sure to take along your room measurements. And be sure to say "Armstrong's Quaker Rugs." Armstrong Cork Products Company, Floor Division, 3610 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

AN EXCLUSIVE ARMSTRONG FEATURE—Quaker Rugs are also made in extra-large sizes—11¼ x 12 and 11¼ x 15 feet. If you prefer to cover your entire floor, Armstrong's Quaker Floor Covering is offered in 2-, 3-, and 3¾-yard widths.

Armstrong's Quaker Rugs

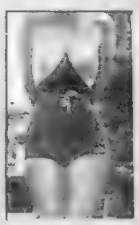
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF ARMSTRONG'S LINOLEUM

LOOK FOR THE QUAKER GIRL LABEL IT IS YOUR GUARANTEE OF ARMSTRONG'S QUALITY AND CRAFTSMANSHIP

New Mellow Tone Marble No. 4605

N I M B C F

Ingenious Devices of Judges to Determine the Perfection of Various Sections of the Girls Separately Without Being Prejudiced by the Effect of the Contestant as a Whole



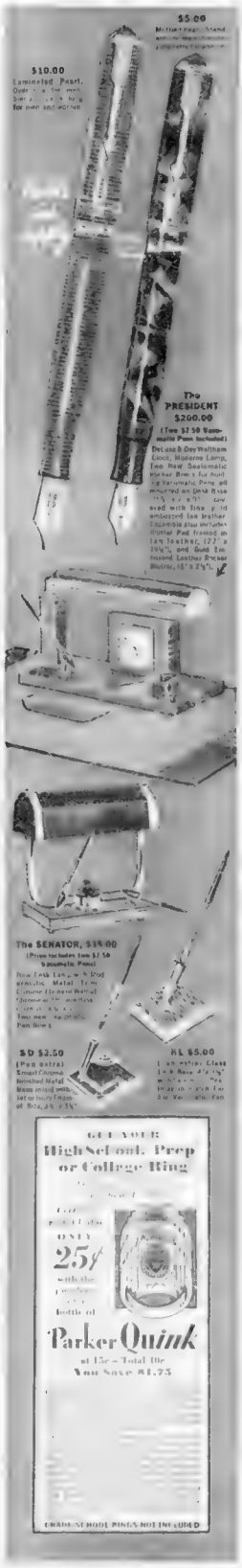
Mlle Andree Lorain "Miss Paris" of 1934, Who "Had Everything" but Got Nothing but Trouble From Her Title and Renounced It

The Reverse of the Beauty Contest Idea: A French Artist's Rear Exhibition Intended to Determine the Most Beautiful Face When All of the Body Is Covered So As Not to Distract Attention of the Judges and Permit Them to Rate Faces Only

FOR HIGHER GRADES IN SCHOOL

-HIGHER PAY IN BUSINESS

—do the thing that you know is the thing to do—replace your old-style pen with this miracle Vacumatic—Parker's revolutionary invention that holds 102% more ink WITHOUT INCREASE IN SIZE—that shows the ENTIRE ink supply, not merely the last drop—shows not only when your pen is empty, but shows DAYS AHEAD when it's running low, so it CAN'T run dry against your will!



The World's Long-Distance Writer and *Style and Beauty* Winner

The Sacless Marvel Whose Simple Working Parts Are Sealed in the Top—Never Touched by Ink, Hence Won't Corrode or Fail—GUARANTEED Mechanically Perfect

All good pen lines departments of stationery, toilet goods and drug stores have the Vacumatic on display. If you can't get to one the nearest favorite agent on the coupon will fill your phone or mail order the same day received.

• • • • • • •

Now Comes a New and Wholly Better Pen Desk Set Due to Three Wonderful Parker Inventions

1. *Pocket and Desk Pen Both as One*
2. *The Only Desk Pen With Full-length Visible Ink Supply*
3. *The Only Desk Base With SCRATCH-PROOF Point*

$5
$7.50
$10

Parker

Vacumatic

GUARANTEED MECHANICALLY PERFECT

GET YOUR
High School, Prep or College Ring
ONLY
25¢
with the purchase of a bottle of
Parker Quink
at 15¢—Total 40¢
You Save $1.75
(RING SCHOOL RINGS NOT INCLUDED)

W W H R C H W

Rosita Forbes, Famous British Traveler, Describes the Strange Ceremonies When Every Twelfth Year Hordes of Hindus (Many of Them Dirty, Verminous and Diseased) Bathe Together and Drink the Water of the Ganges to "Cleanse Themselves of Their Sins"

A

Old Hindu Painting of the Bath of the Ganges, Showing the Sacred River Issuing From the Head of the God Siva With His Wife Parvati Sits at His Side

Procession of Priests to the River for Their Bath—Perhaps the First They Have Had for Twelve Years.

Now-for the FIRST TIME at Popular Prices!

At last, Warner Bros.' round-the-world triumph comes to you at standard admission prices . . . Beginning immediately . . . Straight from a solid year's run in the picked theatres of five continents . . . The majestic spectacle that thrilled the world can now be seen at your favorite theatre listed below at popular prices

WARNER BROS. *present*
MAX REINHARDT'S *production*

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM"

FROM THE COMEDY CLASSIC BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE — **FELIX MENDELSSOHN**

All these stars—heading a vast pageant of performers

JAMES CAGNEY **JOE E. BROWN** **DICK POWELL**
VICTOR JORY **OLIVIA de HAVILLAND** **ANITA LOUISE** **FRANK McHUGH**
Jean Muir **Verree Teasdale** **Mickey Rooney** **Ross Alexander**
Ian Hunter **Robert Cavanaugh** **Grant Mitchell** **Hugh Herbert**

100's of girls in brilliant ballets staged by world-famous [illegible] Musical arrangement by ERICH WOLFGANG KORNGOLD Costumes by MAX [illegible]
Production personally directed by MAX REINHARDT and WILLIAM DIETERLE
Arranged for the screen by CHARLES KENYON and [illegible] Special photographic effects by HUGH JACKMAN BYRON HASKIN [illegible] KOENEKAMP

Watch WARNER BROS!

SENSATION OF TWO HEMISPHERES!

LONDON — "Dazzling, magnificent . . . overwhelming!" . . . says the *Daily Telegraph*
PARIS — "Magnificent interpretation of Shakespeare's classic . . . [illegible]"
SINGAPORE — "Something entirely new in the film world" . . . *Free Press*
BUENOS AIRES — "Most amazing spectacle ever conceived" . . . *La Nation*
TOKYO — "[illegible] of hilarious farce!" . . . says the *Japanese Daily Advertiser*
NEW YORK — "Nearest to perfection of any picture yet [illegible]"
VIENNA — "High [illegible] . . . soon yet produced!" . . . *Neues [illegible]*
ROME — "[illegible] . . . [illegible] . . . says *L'Alba [illegible]*

See it!

AT POPULAR PRICES AT THESE THEATRES

MASSACHUSETTS
Boston, *Paramount*
Boston, *Fenway*
Waltham, *Embassy*
Cambridge, *University*
Salem, *Paramount*
Lowell, *Strand*
Quincy, *Strand*

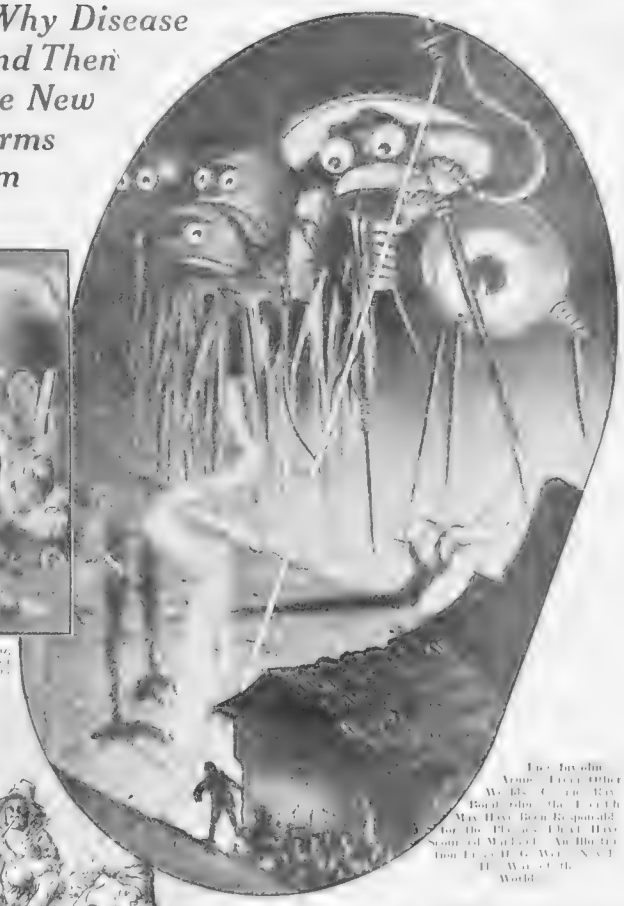
MASSACHUSETTS—Cont.
Malden, *Granada*
Brockton, *Colonial*
Lynn, *Warner*
Holyoke, *Victory*
Lawrence, *Palace*
Lawrence, *Broadway*
Haverhill, *Paramount*

MASSACHUSETTS—Cont.
Everett, *Capitol*
Springfield, *Capitol*
Fall River, *Durfee*
Fall River, *Empire*
Pittsfield, *Capitol*
Worcester, *Warner*
New Bedford, *State*

NEW HAMPSHIRE
Manchester, [illegible]
RHODE ISLAND
Providence, [illegible] Woonsocket, [illegible] Pawtucket, [illegible]
MAINE
Portland, [illegible]

W C E T S M

Science at Last Suggests the Reason Why Disease Germs Are Sometimes Well-Behaved and Then Suddenly Become Deadly and Where New Kinds of Germs Come From



C W S

The Most Famous Spy of Modern Times — Mlle. Mata Hari, Who Was Shot by a French Firing Squad

Lydia Oswald, International Spy, Who Beguiled Army and Navy Officers to Secure Armament Secrets and Sold Them to Enemy Nations, Reveals How Espionage Agents Work and Explains How She Herself Was Trapped and Imprisoned in France

Marine Guard on Duty at the Entrance of the Court Martial Proceedings When Mlle. Oswald Was Tried and Convicted of Espionage.

The Civil Prison Near Brest, Where Lydia Oswald Was First Locked Up After Her Arrest as a Spy by the French Secret Service

Undertow — by Wentworth Hale

A Short Story, Complete in This Issue, of Music, Love and the Sea—and Currents That Run Through All of Them.

"T

He Walked Out on One of David's Solos, With Kate's Own Fiancé, and Touched Openly as He Passed the Orchestra.

STARTING TODAY

A Sensational
New Radio Show!

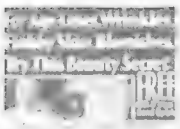
"WE, THE PEOPLE"

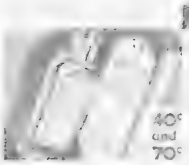
UNDERTOW

A Short Story Complete in This Issue

By Wentworth Hale

[illegible] Wound Up Enough Enthusiasm to Cheer and Wave Her Hand Impressively in Farewell to the Morning After





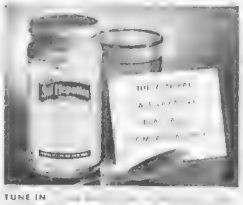
Vaseline HAIR TONIC

FROM THIS TO THIS
IN A FEW MINUTES

FLATTER-U
DOES WHAT [illegible]

THIS [illegible] THE AMERICAN WEEKLY [illegible]

Here's the reason
you need a laxative that COMBATS ACIDITY, too



TUNE IN

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL PRESENTS

Golden Cleansing Cream

Bringing you the radiant beauty of a truly clean face

Golden Cleansing Cream is entirely different from all creams and lotions. It contains Colloidal Gold, a remarkable ingredient well known to the medical profession but new to the cosmetic arts. This colloidal gold has an affinity for the skin pores of dirt, impurities, dead tissue and other enemies of complexion beauty. The cream is so effective that it actually leaves your skin even after the cream has been wiped away. What's more it tones and invigorates skin cells while it cleanses.

Golden Cleansing Cream is a non-liquefying type of cream, delightfully smooth and pleasant to the touch. It is rose-pink in color and has a pleasing, delicate perfume. It is suitable for every type of skin.

A Special Kind of Gold

You can't see or feel the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream because it is not a metal any more than the iron in spinach is a metal. In fact, many of the health-giving minerals in fruits and vegetables exist in a colloidal form similar to that of the gold in Golden Cleansing Cream.

Backed by a Famous Reputation

Behind this unusual new skin cleanser lies the famous reputation of one of America's oldest cosmetic houses. The name Daggett & Ramsdell has been a symbol of purity and quality since the time (46 years ago) when they first amazed mid-Victorian America with an entirely new type of Cold Cream which did not spoil or turn rancid. Now, in Golden Cleansing Cream, Daggett & Ramsdell brings to you the greatest advance in skin cleansing of our own time.

Costs No More

Daggett & Ramsdell's new Golden Cleansing Cream is within the reach of every one of you. You'll soon say you never made a more economical investment than the $1.00 which the cream costs. It is obtainable at leading drug and department stores—ask for it today!

Make This Simple Test!

Send for a Trial Jar

CLEAR EYES

EYE GENE

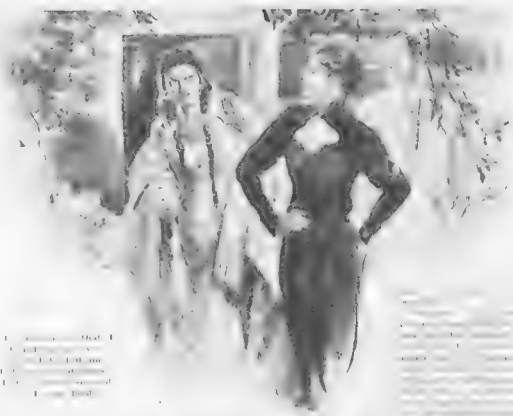
10¢ BOOKS

LOOK THIS LIST OVER

SITROUX

FACIAL TISSUES

TRY SKIN SMOOTH—IN AN INSTANT



CHAPTER XXI

B

Sani-Flush

KEEPS RADIATORS CLEAN

TELLS HOW TO HAVE PRETTY WHITE HANDS

SKIN ITCHY?

Try This for Quick Relief

SAMPLE FREE

The Best GRAY HAIR Remedy is Made at Home

What an Improvement Maybelline Does Make!

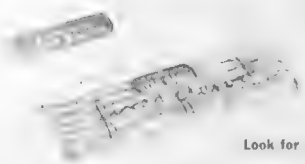
Armour's Star Bacon with Fluffed Eggs

for America's best-loved dish

Government inspected stock, and made by the exclusive Fired-Flavor method. It is smoked over fragrant hickory smoke fires, and tested for highest quality, flavor and tenderness before the Star label is attached.

Your dealer displays it

This October MEAL OF THE MONTH is now being featured at your neighborhood dealer's. Buy all the ingredients at one time—and serve this delicious meal to your family a "a country supper with a French air." It'll go big!



Look for the Armour Display at your dealer's

This recipe is easy to prepare

To prepare the main dish, separate the eggs and put the whites in mixing bowl—leaving yolks in the shell. Add salt and pepper to whites and beat until still and dry. Put the yolks into nests of egg whites, sprinkle liberally with Cloverbloom Cheese and bake until slightly brown. Then serve with crisp, crunchy slices of Armour's Star Bacon, toast and the vegetables as shown above.

Marie Gifford's Book of
DISTINCTIVE DINNERS

Name

Address

ARMOUR AND COMPANY

MAKERS OF STAR HAM, STAR BACON, STAR SAUSAGES AND OTHER FINE ARMOUR FOODS

What do you do with your little finger

PRIZE WINNERS
in Hires Root Beer
$10,000.00 CONTEST

Bathe all your skin for Beauty in the
Filtered Sunshine
of Woodbury's Gentle Lather

Would hurry?

Don't tolerate stabbing pain when "Ben-Gay" offers quick relief

RUB PAIN AWAY WITH
BAUME "BEN-GAY"

READ THE AMERICAN WEEKLY regularly

Do you know anybody who deserves this tag?

MUM

USE MUM ON SANITARY NAPKINS TOO

takes the odor out of perspiration

CORNS COME BACK BIGGER, UGLIER
unless removed ROOT AND ALL

WONDERFUL NEW ROOT AND ALL METHOD RELIEVES CORN SUFFERING INSTANTLY

BLUE-JAY
SAVES & BLACK SCIENTIFIC CORN PLASTERS

Queer Names of Everyday American Places

Other Suns With Other Worlds

COLD weather ahead!

SNAP UP YOUR MOTOR WITH NEW CHAMPION SPARK PLUGS!

CHAMPION

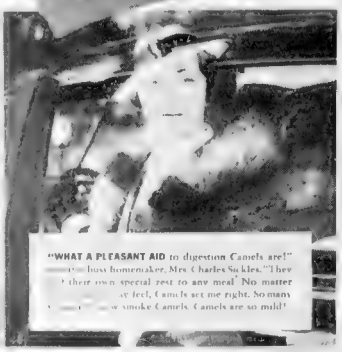
EXTRA-RANGE SPARK PLUGS

THE GREATEST FINISH UNDER FIRE IN GOLFING HISTORY

ALL AROUND ATHLETE FROM TEXAS

"FOR DIGESTION'S SAKE ... SMOKE CAMELS!"

WHETHER YOU ARE CATCHING A QUICK BITE OR DINING IN STATE—



"WHAT A PLEASANT AID to digestion Camels are!" ... thrifty homemaker, Mrs. Charles Sackles. "They ... their own special zest to any meal. No matter ... feel, Camels set me right. So many ... smoke Camels. Camels are so mild!"

Camels increase digestive activity—encourage a sense of well-being!

WITH healthy nerves and good digestion on *your* side, you're ... of the world. When you smoke Camels ... your meals and after, Camels help in two ... ways: Tension is lessened and ... more digestive well-being. Food ... delicious and you get more good ... eat than you would if not digesting ...

For invigorating "lift"—for match—and "for digestion's sake"—the answer ... same: Camels. Camels set you right! And ... don't get on your nerves or tire your taste.

HOLLYWOOD RADIO TREAT! ... FULL HOUR ENTERTAINMENT ... Bond, George Stirling, Connie Gilchrist, Hugh ... Stone and Ray Bolger ... 8:30 p.m. E.S.T. ... WABC-Columbia Network

Costlier Tobaccos

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...Turkish and Domestic...than any other ...

CHAPTER XIX.

Shaving Oddities

THROAT PROTECTOR!

TIP FOR NIGHT OWLS!

GEM BLADE

GEM MICROMATIC Blades

(I D-DON'T SEE WHAT M-MAKES ME) C-CRY LIKE THIS..

SO RUN-DOWN AND TOUCHY SHE WAS MAKING HOME LIFE MISERABLE

DON'T LET POOR BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT FEEDS YOUR BODY

VITAMINS A. B. G and D

FLEISCHMANN'S **FRESH** YEAST CONTAINS **4** VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET **GREATER VALUE** FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND **GET IT FASTER**—

POMPEIAN
Massage Cream

• It gives your skin a change from fatty cream, made of oils no one that is 80% water. And instructions you get the difference.

Pompeian rolls out of your skin, absorbing pollutes taking the dirt right out of the pores. It emulsifies the cleansing, actually cleans the skin, makes flawless, fresher, and leaves complete. You see results the first time.

SEND 10¢ FOR A WEEK'S SUPPLY OF 3 PRODUCTS

80% MILK

Depend on REAL MEDICATION
—not mere cosmetics
TO HELP REFINE
COARSENED IRRITATED SKIN
CUTICURA SOAP AND OINTMENT

"Klutch" holds
FALSE TEETH
Tight—all day

HART & CO., Box 2445 J, ELMIRA, N.Y.

Say Good bye to
GRAY HAIR
LOOK YEARS YOUNGER

MAYORS WALNUT JUICE

INTENSELY interesting articles on popular science appear regularly in this and other issues of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY. You will find an unending stream of thrilling narratives in this great magazine!

Remove YOUR CORNS
QUICKLY and SAFELY!

At The Same Time Enjoy Instant Relief From Pain!

TO loosen corns or callouses for quick, safe removal, use the Dr. Scholl's Zino pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, included in every box. In a few days these scrubs or callouses lift right out! This is the *medically safe*, sure way. One minute after you apply these thin, soothing, healing pads on corns, callouses or bunions, relief will be yours. They lift pressure off the sensitive spot, prevent sore toes and blisters and help corns before they can start! *Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads* are flesh color, velvety soft, waterproof. Do not seal, nick to the sticking or come off in the bath. 12 Pads and Medicated Disks complete, 35¢. *Standard White* Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads, 25¢ box. Sold at all drug, shoe and department stores.

CORNS
CALLOUSES
BUNIONS

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

Mastery Woman

By Evelyn Murray Campbell

(Continued from Page 26)

"Of course, you've been playing, but it it quite fair to the fellow?"

Her face froze faintly. "That's nuttish."

They were about to quarrel, and the things neared Neal' hearts had not been mentioned. He said brutally. "It's dangerous for a girl to play with Warren Barker, because he adults being a prize man at Stanley Orrin's. And the police are looking for a girl who might have been another if he had lived. She write letters to him. He was to have met her that night, perhaps he did meet it—the night he died."

She said calmly, "Yes, I have seen the papers. They are making a sensation of the unknown figure, this girl who may not even exist. Her there is always a mystery woman, isn't there?" Recurious most five."

The telephone rang, a discreet tap at the door followed. "Madame Gebhard," announced a French voice.

Alonza returned from a brief interlude at the telephone, changed and sparkling. The rule set which had enthralled them was put aside. She was full of Felicia who seemed to have taken her in hand and was showing her a lively time. Felicia even wanted her to share her apartment, but that, naturally—

"No," said Tredwell, accepting his ranger. "No, I shouldn't do that."

She pouted. His veto made the proposal interesting. "And why not?"

It would not be proper for you to live with Mrs. Gebhard. She is not a companion for you."

That was plain speaking, and she pout faded.

Why do you say that?"

They measured each other with the cold cruelty of the sexes became neither would give way to the attraction they both felt, they must stage a small war before they parted.

You are trying to see how disagreeable you can be. And after all, why should you choose my companions?"

"I have no right, of course, except that I know you long ago—"

A very large excuse and she laughed scornfully.

"No, but Felicia knew me long ago. If that is all—"

He felt outmaneuvered, but not more beaten.

Have you met Ruth Gideon at any of Felicia's parties?"

She made a pretty effort to remember. "I'm not sure. I meet so many. Is she nice? Do you approve of her?"

He answered with another question.

What does Ray think of all this, you finishing about with queer people, getting your name in a column?"

Ray?" she laughed. "He isn't interested."

Your friendship with Felicia long doesn't interest him."

This time her laughter was pure, genuine youth. "Mrs. Gebhard, you mean. The name of king meant nothing after she stopped singing. That old romance! Who says men aren't sentimental? Why, they've both forgotten long ago. They don't exist for one another."

They never meet?"

Her eyes held his steadily.

I'm sure they don't. Their lives run in different grooves, how could they meet? Ray is a frightful bore with his floods of babies, and Felicia mustn't remember as far back. There isn't any common ground for them."

Was ever a girl so changed? It was impossible to see this flithe, volatile, young person in the girl who had made coffee that night at the doctor's house.

The tangle was getting on Tredwell's nerves. There was a feeling that work was going on all around him, but he couldn't lay a finger on where it began or ended. Roland was a friendly enemy now. He was jovial as ever and made a great pretense of confidence without giving a hint of it. Tredwell had a sense of being baited and it irritated. Blast Roland! Blast everybody! He smirked, feeling lone-wolfish, but couldn't let go.

As he drove back to his hotel he noticed a car that seemed to be going wherever he went, a plain dark gray coupe without any frills, but a quick pickup that kept it where the driver wanted it to be. Just to see what would happen, Tredwell tried driving around a block, but the gray car didn't appear and he supposed that he had been mistaken.

He parked and found a clothing store with the latest thing in gents' ready-to-wear, and bought and put on an outfit that would create a riot in any dance hall.

Leaving that store, he parked his car at a garage and walked a few blocks to a drive-yourself place. Here he picked a little blue roadster with signs of a rough life, and turned its hood north.

There was a real kick in this. Now he wasn't Philip Tredwell any more. He was a salesman looking for a cheap neighborhood to live in—cheap and quiet. Rosemont Avenue would just fill the bill.

He stopped to dine, and reached Rosemont between eight and nine. He had long since forgotten the gray car that had annoyed him earlier in the day, but suddenly had cause to remember it.

While his car was stopped at an intersection a dark coupe crowded against his mud-guard. There was a crunch. Two faces looked from under the close little top. They were ugly faces. They swore viciously without reaching a sound.

And then the light changed and cars flowed in a turgid stream toward the next corner.

Doctor Lanning's little automobile followed before five hours, and there was a dim light inside. But Phil went up the steps of the Carnak Arms and found no change in the empty corridor stretching from front to back. There was the letter-box directory with a number of vacancies.

Among them the Roxtons' slip. There was the same brooding stillness through the white of rations behind closed doors and the faintly revolting smell of kitchenette dinners.

The manageress answered Tredwell's ring. Small grayish, reticent, Mrs. Bray wanted quietly while he stated his business, apparently she did not recognize him.

"I have some very nice apartments," she said, and took a bunch of keys from somewhere behind her. She fingered them, watching him from under mousey lashes. "It's a queer time of day to be hunting apartments."

"I'm just in from a trip," he told her. "This place was mentioned to me—"

"By whom?"

"A friend of some people who lived here. Roxton is the name. Cheap and convenient, he said."

"Roxton?" Her nose elevated. "Are you in that profession?"

Tredwell gathered that whoever had been a friend and helper to the tap-dancers, it wasn't Mrs. Bracy herself. He countered:

"Sort of. I'm looking after the interests of a few people. I might even take over a theater in this neighborhood if I could put over the right deal."

She nodded, evidently satisfied with his references. Jangling keys, she led the way along the corridor, opening the doors of apartments that were like boxes, exactly alike, partitioned off into cubicles. The furniture was identical, cheap and plain and meager. They entered No. 8, which ha... a resemblance to the Roxtons' apartment. It did say Ed never have theater people in my house again." She went over to a whitish area and began to scrape at it with her small pointed toe.

Tredwell observed: "It looks like first floor. I think I'll take this if we can agree on the price."

The woman looked rapacious and conciliatory as only a landlady can. She mentioned a weekly rate, and when Phil hesitated, quickly offered a reduction.

"I can't afford to let my rooms go vacant," she said. "Some lying reporter started a story about my house that has just about ruined me. I'm mentioning this because you'd be sure to hear it, soon or late, and I'd rather a new tenant heard my side of it."

Mrs. Bracy's story, told to the new lodger, was entirely the same she had related to the police on their first visit. There was the mysterious Mr. Harding, who had rented and furnished the front apartment and kept it for little parties—no harm at all, or they wouldn't have been held in her house—and Mr. Harding's generous gesture of lending his rooms to a friend, the cause of the resulting scandal.

When Tredwell had heard it all he said, "Why don't Harding or his friend clear up the atmosphere by coming forward? If they were the right sort of red-blooded men they wouldn't leave you holding the bag." He was proud of his speech. It was exactly what the Babbitt type he was portraying would have said, and matched his built-out shoulders to perfection.

But Mrs. Bracy shook her neat head. "People don't think about one another's benefits. I haven't heard a word from Mr. Harding since the papers came out, trying to make mysteries of nothing at all. I suppose there's some reason for his staying away. He might be married and afraid of scandal on his own account. You never can tell. Anyway, the papers and the police are doing their best to make out a murder was done in this house. It'll just about ruin me if it keeps up."

He managed a very creditable look of concern and interest.

"Now you mention it, I believe I do remember reading about the case."

She smiled bitterly. "You'd be blind if you didn't." She gave him a swift piercing look. "You're not a reporter yourself—trying to make me talk?"

He could say no to that, most convincingly.

"I'll take the apartment. It suits me and I don't mind if those bozos come nosing around. I'll use you for publicity myself."

It was arranged that he should take possession at once. He had a suitcase in his car, and as he went out to get it the landlady said, "If you want to get your own meal the stores are still open, or there's a nice lunch counter up the street."

Tredwell was now thoroughly embarked upon his adventure and said that he would buy his own bacon and eggs. He rather enjoyed the prospect of cooking for himself, and set off to purchase supplies after she had given him careful directions where to go.

Lanning's car was still before his door and the porch-light was on as a sign that the doctor was in. There were three cars before the Carnak Arms and one was a dark coupe. A man slipped from the open door of this one and raced over to Tredwell as he stepped on the running-board of his car.

"Have you got the time, mister?"

They were doing that when Tredwell was a schoolboy. He just missed getting the slug behind the ear. It grazed his shoulder and it was stuffed with big lead pellets. His fist caught the thug under the jaw and lifted him against the hood of his own car.

An ugly muzzle was poked hastily over the door, and a spatter of fire whipped from the dark interior of the coupe.

To Be Continued Next Sunday

Copyright, 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. All Rights Reserved.

Undertow *By Wentworth Hale*

(Continued from Page 26)

ting in, and even a swimmer as good as you might have drowned before help could come. Still, there's no harm done. You lightened Bent's boat of one hundred and ten pounds of ballast he didn't need for the final reach, which might have helped a little—but I lightened mine by a hundred and sixty-five pounds. And my boat, Miss Carhart, has won the race. Do you hear that gun?"

Even as the faint boom of the finish gun came to them over the water, Kitty Carhart slapped him, right there in the open Sound, and her hand was wet, so it made a very resounding slap indeed.

At first he was wholly astonished, but then he saw something in her face—perhaps her trembling lip, perhaps her brimming eyes—that caused him suddenly to fold her wet little body in his arms and kiss her.

She was crying now against his water-soaked shirt.

"I didn't, I didn't, I didn't," she wailed. "You know I didn't, David. I tell in, I didn't jump—I didn't! I don't care if I never see him again. I hate him. He went off and left me, and he didn't care if I drowned—all he thought of was beating your boat in this miserable old race. Please, please, David, don't think I tried to trick you. I'm so sorry I s-slapped you—"

"I'm not," said David, filled all at once with a lot of understanding. "I loved it. I love you. I always have—from the very first—I always will. I've got to have you. Can I?"

He kissed her so many times that it was hard to tell whether she said yes with her lips or with her radiant eyes.

"Ship ahoy!" beamed a voice over the water behind them. A launch from the yacht club was almost on them. "Sorry to disturb you, but we've come to tow in that stake-boat."

"Kiss me again," said Kitty. "What do we care—now!"

"My test of a powder...it just must not show up in strong light"

COMING out into the bright midday sun—what's the worst way a powder can fail you?

By showing too much! That's the answer a surprising number out of 1,067 girls gave!

And the powder that stood first with them for *not* giving "that powdered look" is—Pond's. Of three leading powders, Pond's got twice the votes of the powder next in favor. Three times the vote of the third!

"Glare-proof" colors never embarrass you. Pond's colors are "glare-proof." Blended to catch only the softer rays of light. They give your skin a lovely soft look in strongest glare. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture.

Low prices. Decorated screw-top jars, 45¢, 70¢. Note big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never looks powdery—it clings—evened the two most important points in a powder

POND'S FACE POWDER

FREE

IF THERE'S anything new in the field of science, you'll find it described in THE AMERICAN WEEKLY.

STOP RUBBING! DON'T SLAVE OVER SPOTS AND STREAKS

Try my rub-saving new P AND G way to wash clothes spotless! Get extra help on extra-heavy dirt!

TAKE A TIP FROM ME. TRY THE EASY NEW P AND G METHOD. IT SAVES 2 RUBS OUT OF EVERY 3.
WHY MUST THE CHILDREN WIPE ALL THE DIRT OFF THEIR HANDS ONTO THE TOWELS?
WHEY ALL DO. BUT YOU'RE SILLY MAGIE TO RUB SO HARD.
WELL, HOW ELSE CAN I GET MY WASH CLEAN?
Dampen clothes. Then just rub P AND G on the dirty spots. Rub up for a short soak. A light rub—and dirty spots disappear. Clothes come out spotless... snowy-clean.
P AND G IS A WONDER! LOOK HOW DAZZLING WHITE IT GETS. MY TOWELS ABSOLUTELY SPOTLESS. YES, P AND G GETS CLOTHES CLEAN FASTER WITHOUT HARD RUBBING!

WHETHER YOU WASH BY HAND OR MACHINE—YOU NEED P AND G's 2 SPECIAL INGREDIENTS

Let P AND G's two amazing ingredients make washday easy! One builds richer, thicker, more lasting suds. The other loosens dirt *faster*—actually lifts out stubborn, deep-imbedded dirt in a flash.

First of all—dampen your clothes and then rub your big cake of P AND G White Naphtha right on the streaks and spots, the badly soiled neckbands and cuffs. This way you get rich soap *concentrated* where it's needed most! . . . Now, roll up the clothes for a short soak. A light rub—or a quick turn in the machine—and look! Not a speck of left-over dirt! Not a sign of greyness! A wash that's *spotless, sparkling clean*—so *white* it makes you blink!

Use P AND G for dishes, too! Those speedy suds cut grease like lightning—give glassware an extra-clean gleam.

Try P AND G today! See how much rubbing it saves you on

STREAKY NECKBANDS • GRIMED-IN CUFFS • DIRTY PLAYSUITS
MUDDY ROMPERS • STAINED TABLE LINENS
SMUDGED-UP TOWELS • GRAYED SHEETS • GREASY PILLOW CASES

P AND G WHITE NAPHTHA SOAP

A Procter & Gamble Product

© 1936, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Hot Off the Griddle

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency

GET out the old griddle! Clean it thoroughly, polish it, and use it frequently in order to make an economy food budget for the coming Winter months.

And to "griddle" is meant not only the flat, rimless or true iron griddle which is to be placed over the gas flame, but also the shallow skillet and the waffle iron, whether for top burner cooking or use with electric current.

Quite probably the next cooking process to be evolved after toasting meat on a broiled stick, was that of baking a flour batter on a hot stone or heated smooth stone surface. Fairy tales and folklore are full of mention of the "pancakes" cooked by the naughty witch—or the cakes burned by good (but absent-minded) King Alfred. Trappers and gold-seekers all outdoor folk know the importance of "hot cakes" in any food program where economy is necessary and carrying space limited.

So, too, the housecooker will do well to practise up on her own skill with this simple but satisfying form of hot bread and baked batter. Not only are there recipes for the small individual or familiar batter-size pancake, but the less frequently made pancake evoked the full character of a small skillet in the French and German manner. These pannikins are made to be rolled up after baking, filled with tart jelly, or marmalade, with fruit-flavored sugar.

It would be a great loss to the new young housekeepers of this present day if they were to forget the delightful and value of many sublime pancake and batter mixtures. Cornmeal, especially the true millground meal known to seldom in the North—is a hearty flour high in calories and of a sweet, nutlike flavor.

Pancakes, and spoon bread made with yellow cornmeal or the true finely ground white meal, are a sufficient repast in themselves, a dish sufficient to start the day right for any work-going husband.

Buckwheat also, is a flour of unusual taste value, and its rich brown color imparts to batters a special sun-tan which no other flour quite duplicates. Lucky indeed the man who recalls, from his childhood, the old brown crock set in the pantry full of a buckwheat batter for morning cakes and syrup.

Waffles are only a pancake batter cooked on a honey-comb iron, but baked in this special fashion may be said to be strictly American. Indeed, the writer spent many useless hours while traveling abroad, trying to locate a waffle iron as a gift to a foreign friend. The very name "waffles" sounds odd to the Continental ear, and nothing exactly like them is to be found outside the American borders.

What the well-dressed waffle will wear—what accessories may be served with it—is a food fashion study that any woman can do well to make. The waffle batter may be rich or plain, floury like bread, or lighter in texture like cake. Plain bread flour, or general-purpose flour gives the former, while the use of special cake flour produces waffles with a fluffy texture.

There is one, no, two—waffle tricks which the writer has acquired over the course of time—the first is, always to separate the eggs, and fold in last the stiffly whipped (but not dry) egg whites. This gives a more foamy batter, more full of air, and produces the lighter waffle.

The second trick was learned from an old Southern cook years ago; and it is, to have the shortening sizzling hot, and to pour it onto the batter just before the final hard beating. This sizzling fat (especially hot sizzling bacon fat) cooks into the batter and gives it the best of all possible flavors.

As has been suggested, the well-dressed waffle may appear plain, with butter and syrup, or be used as a foundation for minced cream mixtures such as creamed chipped beef (the favorite dish of an important male movie star), creamed shrimp, creamed oysters, etc.

In this form of service, it is a happy suggestion to separate the four sections of the baked waffle, and set them one above the other, sandwich style, with the creamed filling in between. Be sure that all plates, platters and sauces used with waffles are the traditional piping hot; nothing being more sorry than a tepid waffle, unless it be a tepid pancake.

The sophisticated waffle wears chocolate sauce, whipped cream, melted honey, or a cone of vanilla ice cream. In this ensemble it is worthy of entering any afternoon tea, or the smartest of bridge parties. Many jams and jellies are delicious when thinned to a sauce, as for example orange marmalade when thinned, and poured over a hot waffle or pancake.

Any pancake batter is one good way in which to utilize those bits of left-over cereal and the old bread which so rapidly piles up, even in the best-conducted households. Heat the cereal and beat it smooth, adding water to thin. Or, break up the bread scraps in milk, beat smooth, and add to the batter.

Of all the thousands of women who make pancakes and similar batter mixes, many now practice pouring the batter from a pitcher instead of untidily ladling from a bowl with a big clumsy spoon. Make and beat the batter in a bowl, if you like, but pour into a wide-mouthed crockery pitcher, and you cook with neat work and have the pancakes just the size you wish.

And now for a word about the modern and up-to-date baking griddle with a sunken rim around the edge. Inside the surface will all the grease you wish—and if there is a bit too much, or if the batter overflows, the extra amount will drop into this "well" around the rim of the pan.

Then there is a shallow skillet, with rounded sides and edges—not abruptly right-angled ones—and this is best suited for making the small one-pan pancakes mentioned as being French or German. The pancakes rolled up after baking. A copper skillet of this type would be worth investing in—and then never, never scour it with harsh cleansers and steel wool, or you will ruin the smooth surface. Use a swab of soft tissue—don't even waste it. The skillet has most French model pans kept spotless for a half century, without water.

There are new waffle irons which are automatic, with an indicator on top which shows by the red signal the exact point at which the waffle should be baked. There is a fine large griddle also, with two signals, red and green, one like a traffic light.

One must not omit to mention that model of the waffle iron which comes with the iron cut into six small recessed divisions like sunken ovens. Pour the batter into each well, press down the top section, and in the cooked batter emerges like a little cake, with a central cavity which is just the trick to fill with creamed chicken, creamed mushrooms, or to pack with a chocolate sauce. The iron permits a delightful shape in which to bake for luncheon occasions—one waffle filled with a creamed mixture, a few peas, and there is a most attractive bridge menu all on one plate.

The small electric griddle and table stove is also here in new models. Nothing could be simpler than to plug in one of these little table stoves, pour out the batter, and eat the cakes "hot off the griddle."

All those baked cakes make delightful bases for a Sunday breakfast or even a party buffet for a cold day. Provide a couple of big pitchers filled with batter, lay out a selection of jelly, syrup, sugar, etc., in small saucers or pitchers, and in an electric chafing dish, provide ample amounts of some inexpensive creamed mixture say creamed frankfurts. The men love such a meal. It is easy to serve without a maid, and is inexpensive.

But don't forget the coffee. For as soon as the waffles or cakes are baked, plug in your two electric percolators and keep them perking. "Hot off the griddle" is a breakfast to start with repeating all Winter through, and waffles may appear suitably dressed for any meal from morning to midnight.

Hot Griddle Cakes and Waffles

Bald Mountain Pancakes: Four cups white bread flour, 2 teaspoons cream of tartar, 1 teaspoon baking soda, 2 cups milk, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup yellow cornmeal, 1 egg, beaten, 2 tablespoons molasses. Sift all dry ingredients together twice. Beat egg and add milk. Add to dry ingredients with molasses, and stir all together thoroughly. Use this with additional water if necessary to make batter, and fry on well-greased griddle. (Keep batter in covered crock in refrigerator for second or later use.)

New Hampshire Griddle Cakes: Two cups sour milk, 2 cups sweet milk, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 teaspoons baking soda, 3 tablespoons melted butter, flour to make batter (about 2 cups flour). Add soda to sour milk and stir well, beating it in. Add sweet milk. Sift flour and salt together and add to milk, beating thoroughly. Add melted shortening, salt, and beat again. Bake on hot well-greased griddle.

Two-Egg Waffles: Two cups flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 eggs, separated, 1½ cups milk, 6 tablespoons melted butter or shortening. Sift dry ingredients together twice. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored, then add milk. Add to dry ingredients, beating until smooth. Beat in melted shortening which has been heated hot and sizzling. Add salt and stir batter hard. Last, fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. Bake at once on hot iron. (Makes 6 large waffles.)

Three-egg Waffles: Two cups sifted cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, separated, 1 cup rich milk, 6 tablespoons melted butter. Sift dry ingredients twice together. Beat yolks until thick and lemon-colored, then add milk. Add to dry ingredients, beating until smooth. Beat in melted shortening which has been heated hot and sizzling. Last, fold in the stiffly whipped egg whites. The consistency of this batter makes a more cake-like waffle than when bread flour is used. (Makes 6 full-size waffles.)

Tom Sawyer Blueberry Waffles: Two cups flour, 2 tablespoons cornmeal, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup milk, 2 eggs, separated, 4 tablespoons melted shortening, 1 cup canned and drained blueberries or huckleberries. Sift all dry ingredients twice. Beat egg yolks and add milk. Add to dry ingredients and beat thoroughly. Add melted shortening. Add berries. Fold in whipped egg whites. Bake at once. Serve two quarters like a sandwich, and pass hard sauce made with powdered sugar and some of the juice from the canned berries. Sprinkle cinnamon lightly over the top of waffle sandwich *before* serving. (Makes 6 whole waffles.)

Waffles and Creamed Frankfurters: Use any basic waffle recipe. Use canned skinless frankfurters only, and drain. Cut franks into thin crosswise slices. Have ready a thin white sauce, well seasoned. Lay in cut franks and heat. Serve whole individual waffle, and pour generous portion of sauce and franks in center. Sprinkle with minced parsley. Serve at once, on very hot plate.

Oyster Waffle Shortcake: Use any basic waffle recipe. Scald 1 pint small oysters in 1 cup milk, then remove. To the milk remaining in saucepan add 2 tablespoons butter, salt, pepper, celery salt and grating nutmeg. Bring again to scald, add 1 tablespoon very fine brown cracker crumbs, 1 cup of cream and 2 tablespoons sherry. Stir smooth and well blended, add oysters, heat, then pour at once in center of baked waffle. Makes 2 generous entire waffles which may be split and served sandwich fashion, one on top of other, if preferred.

Cocoanut Waffles: Use basic flour recipe for waffles. Just before baking, add 1 teaspoon vanilla to the batter. Pour batter into heated waffle iron. Sprinkle unbaked waffle lightly with moist shredded cocoanut, and at once bring down the top hot iron. This will toast the cocoanut and give a pleasing novel flavor to the waffle. Serve with a thin lemon sauce, or an orange marmalade sauce made by melting marmalade with a spoon of water to thin it. Thin chocolate sauce is also delicious on this cocoanut waffle.

Orange Waffle Shortcake Special: Bake waffles by any basic waffle recipe. Have ripe oranges peeled and the segments removed from the membranes. There should be 1½ cups of broken segments to each entire waffle used. Make orange sauce by blending juice of 2 oranges with ⅔ cup confectioners' sugar. Whip ½ cup cream for each portion. When waffle is baked, lay on large individual plate. Heap center with fruit, pour over sauce, and top with stiffly whipped cream.

Corn Meal Griddle Cakes: Three teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup yellow cornmeal, 1 cup flour, 2 teaspoons salt, 3 eggs, 2 cups milk. Sift dry ingredients twice together. Beat eggs well, and add milk. Combine with dry mixture and beat thoroughly together. Add 1 tablespoon hot melted lard if desired. Grease griddle with bacon fat. Pour batter from pitcher onto griddle. Wipe griddle with dry cloth and grease again. (Makes about 40 small pancakes.)

French Pancakes: One teaspoon baking powder, 3 tablespoons cake flour, 2 tablespoons sugar, 5 eggs, 1 tablespoon water, 1 cup milk, currant or apple jelly. Sift into deep mixing bowl the baking powder, flour and salt. Beat eggs well together, then add to dry mixture together with water and milk, and beat the entire mixture for 10 minutes until very frothy. Grease a shallow small skillet liberally with cooking oil, and place over moderate heat. Pour in enough batter to completely cover bottom of skillet, and cook until lower side of pancake is brown. Remove, spread with jelly, and roll up in small roll. Continue until all the batter is baked. Serve very hot and sprinkle with powdered sugar and lemon juice. Makes 10 small pancake rolls.

Aunt Ellen's Buckwheat Cakes: Five teaspoons baking powder, two cups buckwheat flour, 1 cup bread flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon molasses, 1 beaten egg, 2½ cups milk, 1 cup water. Sift all dry ingredients twice into large mixing bowl. Add all liquids and beaten egg, and beat mixture well. Bake immediately on hot griddle. Serve with small fried sausages. (Makes about 30 pancakes.)

Chocolate Waffles: Two squares unsweetened cooking chocolate, ½ cup melted shortening, 2 egg yolks beaten well, ½ cup milk, 1½ cups cake flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, ¾ cup sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg whites beaten stiff but not dry. Melt chocolate over hot water and beat in the shortening. Sift all dry ingredients twice together into deep mixing bowl. Beat egg yolks with milk. Add to dry ingredients and blend well. Add chocolate shortening, and vanilla. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Bake in a not-very-hot iron, since the chocolate tends to scorch easily. Serve with whipped cream, with a ball or cone of vanilla ice cream, or with honey. Or pour over thinned marshmallow whip sauce, and sprinkle with minced walnuts. (Makes 4 large whole waffles.)

French Luncheon Toast: Three eggs, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cup rich milk, 6 slices white bread. Apple sauce or currant jelly. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt and sugar. Dip each slice of bread in batter carefully, removing with spatula to a hot skillet or griddle liberally greased with butter. Brown on both sides. Serve on hot platter with apple sauce at sides, and sprinkle powdered sugar over top. Garnish with bit of jelly. Serve very hot.

Fruit Relish.
(By Request).

GRIND 1 cup raw cranberries. Finely chop 2 ripe apples. Add pulp of 1 orange and pulp of ½ lemon to the cranberries and apples. Add 1 cup sugar and let stand in refrigerator overnight before using.

MEN SAY *"Pretty Girl"*

WHEN PORES ARE SMALL AND BLEMISHES DON'T COME

You can keep your skin clear, fine . . . with this rousing Under Skin treatment

A GREASY, LEADEN SKIN always catches a man's eye. No wonder girls hate to see mean little blemishes starting up—and worse forms following them!

Have to get rid of—till you understand how they occur. Blame it on your overactive "Three tiny oil glands beneath [illegible] poorly, pores clog.

You can rescue those faulty glands—by the faithful use of Pond's Cold Cream.

Every night, use the Pond's Cold Cream. The fine, specially processed oils of Pond's Cold Cream go deep. It lifts out the stagnating [illegible] and skin immediately. A gentle, soothing sensation, patted [illegible] does more. It helps you reach your underskin . . . start those faulty oil glands acting normally. That's when blackheads go, [illegible] no longer form. Pores begin to refine.

Every morning, and before make-up, repeat. Powder and rouge are sure to go on evenly. Your skin looks clearer, finer—really "pretty"!

Miss Jane Mellon

"I never get blackheads, blemishes or enlarged pores. Pond's Cold Cream keeps them away."

AMAZING RESULTS from using CUBE STARCH

"All fast, my husband's shirts are starched just as he likes them. With Defiance CUBE Starch you can't use too much or too little. CUBES measure themselves."

"I've been doing my own laundry for 20 years but NEVER have my clothes had such a lovely finish as since I started using CUBE starch."

The first time I used CUBE Starch I finished my sewing in one-third less time. And every piece had just the right degree of stiffness.

Corns
Lift Right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep—deadens pain—and in a few days makes it so loose it is led off. Feels that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft—all yield to FREEZONE. It helps callouses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk in comfort!

FREEZONE

THIS IS THE AGE of popular science. If you study the pages in this and other issues of The American Weekly you will be well informed in every field of science and in every specialty in every field.

Every woman needs Kotex FOR TRIPLE PROTECTION

Can't Chafe. The sides of Kotex are cushioned in a special, soft, downy cotton to prevent chafing and irritation. Provides lasting comfort. But sides only are cushioned—the center surface is free to absorb.

Can't Fail. Kotex has a special "Equalizer" center whose channels guide moisture evenly the whole length of the pad. Gives "body" but not bulk—prevents twisting and roping. The filler of Kotex is 5 TIMES more absorbent than cotton.

Can't Show. The rounded ends of Kotex are flattened and tapered to provide absolute invisibility. Even the sheerest dress, the closest-fitting gown, reveals no tell-tale wrinkles.

© 1935, The American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Comfort
10 TO 12 HOURS
ON ONE GALLON OF KEROSENE!
Has your home a chilly spot? Get a modern PERFECTION heater for quick warmth at low cost. Comes white porcelain finish, too (this and other models at your dealer's store).
PERFECTION STOVE CO.

Oil Burning
PERFECTION
ROOM HEATERS

HYGEIA NURSING BOTTLE
SAFE BECAUSE IT'S EASIEST TO CLEAN • ASK YOUR DOCTOR

New! MAKE A BUTTON TREE— and 77 other novelties—directions 10¢

"V.B." Dennison Crepe

"THEY DRY TWICE as FAST"

Curity Quantum Cloth DIAPERS

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*	*Breakfast*
Grapefruit Juice, Whole Grain Cereal, Stuffed Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Orange, Cereal, French Toast, Marmalade, Coffee.	Ripe Pears, Cereal, Fruited Dried Beef, Griddle Cakes, Coffee.	Orange Juice, Cereal, Puffy Omelet, Bacon, Delicate Muffins, Coffee.	Sliced Bananas, Cereal, Scrambled Eggs with Minced Bacon, Toast, Coffee.	Sliced Oranges, Cereal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Cantaloupe, Toasted Cheese Bread, Apple Marmalade, Coffee.
Luncheon	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Luncheon*	*Dinner*
Luncheon Meat, Raw Spinach Salad, Ice Box Rolls, Potatoes, Spanish Pie, Hot or Iced Tea.	Georgia Gumbo or Succotash, Buttermilk Biscuits, Savory Relish, Apple Tville (with Nutmeg), Tea.	Tuna Fish Creamed with Peas, French Fried Carrots, Tomato or Tomato Jelly Salad, Baked Apple Dumplings.	Creamed Chicken and Mushrooms, Baked Beef Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Autumn Fruit Bowl.	Cheese and Bread Pudding, Raw Carrot, Celery and Apple Salad, Lemon Snow, Oatmeal Cookies.	Hashed Kippered Herring, Green Bouquet Salad, German Coffee Cake, Tea.	Tomato Frost Cocktail, Baked Ham, New Potatoes, Noodles, End of the Season Jelly, Chiffonade Green Salad with California Dressing, Lemon Ice Box Cake.
Dinner	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Dinner*	*Supper*
Veal Tomatoes, Paprika Biscuits, French Fried Green Peppers, Macaroons, Green Salad, Chocolate Cream Roll with Fudge Sauce.	Emergency Soup, Broiled Cube Steaks with Mushroom Sauce, Whipped Potatoes, Grilled Tomatoes, Harvest Moon Sherbet, Cookies, Macaroons.	Clam Chowder, Pepper Stuffed with Macaroni and Meat (Baked), Carrot Souffle, Bean, Shredded Raw Cauliflower, Celery and Olive Salad, Waffles with Whipped Cream.	Tongue with Raisin Sauce, Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce, Green Bouquet Salad, French Dressing, Autumn Fruit Bowl.	Emergency Clear Soup (Left-Overs), Planked Trout, Boiled Potatoes, Broccoli, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Chives Dressing, Cranberry Pudding.	Cold Tongue (Left-Over), Currant Jelly, Delmonico Potatoes, Creamed Kohlrabi, Buttered Green Beans, Butterscotch Pie.	Shrimp au Gratin, Waffles, Grapefruit Salad, French Dressing, Stuffed Dates.

American Weekly Patterns

Pattern 3526—YOUTH PERK UP AT SIGHT OF TWO APRONS FROM ONE EASY-TO-USE PATTERN. Designed for sizes small, medium, large and extra large. Small size requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch fabric for each apron.

Pattern 3443—POULDN'T HAVE A SMARTER THING FOR COLLEGE BUSINESS OR RUN-ABOUT THAN THIS SHIRTWAISTER. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch fabric.

Pattern 3527—COMELY DAY-TIME STYLE IS WELL LIKED BY BOTH THE SLIM AND NOT-SO-SLIM WEARER. Designed for sizes 16, 18, 20, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 4⅜ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3369—TOT'S PANTIE FROCK HAS BUTTONS IN FRONT THAT ARE EASY TO LOG AND AN ADORABLY FLARED SKIRT. Designed for sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10. Size 6 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch fabric.

Pattern 3340—BUNNY, SCOTTIE CHICK AND JUMBO ARE EASY-TO-MAKE CUDDLE TOYS A YOUNGSTER WILL LOVE. These four cunning toys are each made of but two pieces of material, and that means they are done in no time. Pattern 3340 contains a transfer pattern of an elephant, a rabbit, a chicken and a scottie; directions for making each; material requirements

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH.

Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily-followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZES DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE. Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to

AMERICAN WEEKLY
PATTERN DEPT.
635 SIXTH AVENUE
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Due to customs restrictions Canadian orders cannot be filled.

"YOU'RE A PEACH— AND I MEAN IT"
BILL DOESN'T KNOW IT'S MY SKIN THAT'S MADE SUCH A DIFFERENCE IN MY LOOKS. I'VE FOUND LUX TOILET SOAP REMOVES COSMETICS THOROUGHLY— GUARDS AGAINST COSMETIC SKIN

Requested Recipes

Hurry-up Luncheon Sandwich.

LIGHTLY spread one side of sliced graham bread with well-seasoned mayonnaise. Place a thick slice of firm ripe tomato on each piece of bread. Sprinkle tomato with salt and paprika and brush with mayonnaise. Cover tomato and bread lightly with freshly grated cheese and place in oven just long enough to melt cheese. Serve immediately.

Macaroni Salad.

DRAIN one cup tender, cold macaroni that has been boiled in salted water. Cut into half-inch lengths. Combine with 1 minced green pepper, ¼ teaspoon salt, ¼ cup well-seasoned mayonnaise and ½ cup grated or shredded cheese or cheese sandwich spread. Arrange on crisp lettuce and garnish with shreds of pimiento.

© 1938, by American Weekly, Inc. Great Britain Rights Reserved.

Warm Desserts for Cool Days

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Cheese Cream Cake (By Request).

ROLL 1 package zwieback into fine crumbs. Add 2 tablespoons butter and 2 tablespoons sugar creamed together. Blend well and put into a 9-inch spring form mold and press down evenly on the bottom. Mix 5½ packages well-creamed cream cheese with 1 cup sugar sifted with 2 tablespoons flour and ½ teaspoon salt. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla and 4 well-beaten egg yolks. Add 1 cup cream and mix well. Fold in 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Pour into zwieback lined pan and bake in a moderate oven, or at about 325 deg., about 1 hour, or until center is set. Serve warm.

Sour Cream Pie.

LINE pie plate with pastry, allowing ½ inch on edge of plate for a frill. Turn crust under and make a frill with thumb and forefinger or press with tines of fork. Brush paste with slightly beaten egg white to prevent soggy crust. Mix 3 well-beaten egg yolks with 1 cup sour cream, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon cloves and ½ teaspoon salt. Pour into pastry-lined pie plate and bake in a hot oven, or about 450 deg., for 10 minutes to set the pastry, reduce heat to about 350 deg., and continue baking about ½ hour or until filling is delicately firm.

Plain Pastry.

MIX and sift 1½ cups fine, soft, starchy pastry flour, ½ teaspoon baking powder and ¼ teaspoon salt. Work in ½ cup any good shortening. Shortening may be worked in with tips of fingers, two forks or two knives. Mixture should resemble coarse meal. All ingredients must be cold. Gradually add cold water to make a stiff dough, handling pastry just as little as possible. Chill for an hour before rolling.

Squash Pie (By Request).

TO 1 cup canned or cooked squash which has been pressed through fruit press or sieve, add 1 cup cream and ¾ cup light brown sugar. Beat 3 eggs slightly and add to squash mixture. Flavor with 1 tablespoon vanilla, ½ teaspoon ginger, ½ teaspoon nutmeg, ½ teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon mace. Line pie plate with pastry. Brush with 1 slightly beaten egg white and sprinkle lightly with fine dry bread crumbs. Pour in squash mixture and bake in a hot oven, or at about 400 deg., for 10 minutes. Then reduce heat and continue baking in a moderate oven, or at about 350 deg., until filling is cooked. Serve plain or spread with honey and top with whipped cream.

Cranberry Pudding (By Request).

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually and blend well. Add 3 well-beaten eggs. Mix and sift 3½ cups flour, 1¼ tablespoons baking powder and a few grains salt. Add alternately with ½ cup milk to the first mixture. Add 1½ cups cranberries. Turn into a buttered mold, cover closely and steam 3 hours. Serve with thin cream, sweetened to taste and flavored with a suggestion of grated nutmeg.

Bread Crumb Coffee Pudding.

SOAK 1 cup stale dry cake crumbs in 1 pint strained cold coffee and 1 pint rich milk for 1 hour. Add a few grains salt, ½ teaspoon vanilla, ½ cup light brown sugar and 2 slightly beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a slow oven, or at about 300 deg., until firm in center. Serve warm with cream.

Lemon Pudding (By Request).

MIX 1½ cups cooked rice, a few grains salt, ½ cup sugar, 1 slightly beaten egg, 1½ pints rich milk and the juice and grated rind of 1 lemon. Turn into a buttered baking dish, set in a pan of hot water and bake until firm in a slow oven. Serve warm with whipped currant jelly sauce.

Apple Betty.

BUTTER a baking dish. Have ready 1½ pints chopped tart apples, 1½ pints soft white or graham bread crumbs and just enough cloves and cinnamon to taste. Arrange alternate layers of apples and crumbs in the dish, sprinkling each layer with light brown sugar, cloves and cinnamon. The top layer should be of crumbs. Dot well with butter and sprinkle with sugar. Cover and bake 45 minutes in a hot oven, or at about 400 deg. Remove cover and brown quickly. Serve warm with lemon, hard or whipped cream sauce.

Macaroon Pudding.

SOAK 1 dozen macaroons in ¼ cup currant jelly and 2 tablespoons lemon juice, dissolved over hot water. Mix ¼ cup sugar with 2 beaten egg yolks and 1 whole egg and stir into 1 pint of warm milk. Stir constantly over hot water until creamy and smooth. Flavor with a few drops of almond extract. Add 4 macaroons, heated in oven until crisp and then rolled into fine crumbs. Pour into serving dish, add the jelly - soaked macaroons and cover with meringue by beating 2 or 3 egg whites until stiff, adding gradually 2 tablespoons powdered sugar to each egg white. Decorate with tiny bits of currant jelly and place in moderate oven, at about 350 deg., until meringue is delicately browned.

Snowballs.

CREAM ½ cup butter, add 1 cup sugar gradually and blend well. Add ½ cup milk alternately with 2½ cups flour sifted with 3½ teaspoons baking powder and a few grains salt. Add 4 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into buttered custard cups. Steam about 35 minutes. Serve with preserved fruit sauce.

The best coffee can be ruined in the making. Silex glass coffee maker gives you coffee, tempting, refreshing, sparkling. Simpler to use and clean. Pyrex brand glass, guaranteed against heat breakage. The Silex Co., Dept. A9, Hartford, Conn.
Get a SILEX
GLASS COFFEE MAKER

THERE'S
GRANDMOTHER SAYS—"I used KITCHEN BOUQUET over 50 years ago—and I've never found anything to equal it for flavoring and browning soups, stews and sauces."
NOTHING
DAUGHTER SAYS—"Mother taught me the real meaning of *flavor*. I learned that there's *nothing* that extends *natural* food flavors like KITCHEN BOUQUET."
LIKE
GRANDDAUGHTER SAYS—"I'm just starting housekeeping, and KITCHEN BOUQUET helps me wonderfully to keep within my budget. It transforms the most inexpensive cuts of meat into tempting, savory dishes fit for a King!"
KITCHEN BOUQUET
Send 10¢ for trial size and free measuring spoon to Kitchen Bouquet, Inc. Dept. A, Union City, N. J.
YOU CAN'T KEEP HOUSE WITHOUT IT

Hot Summer Sun made MILLIONS of FRECKLES

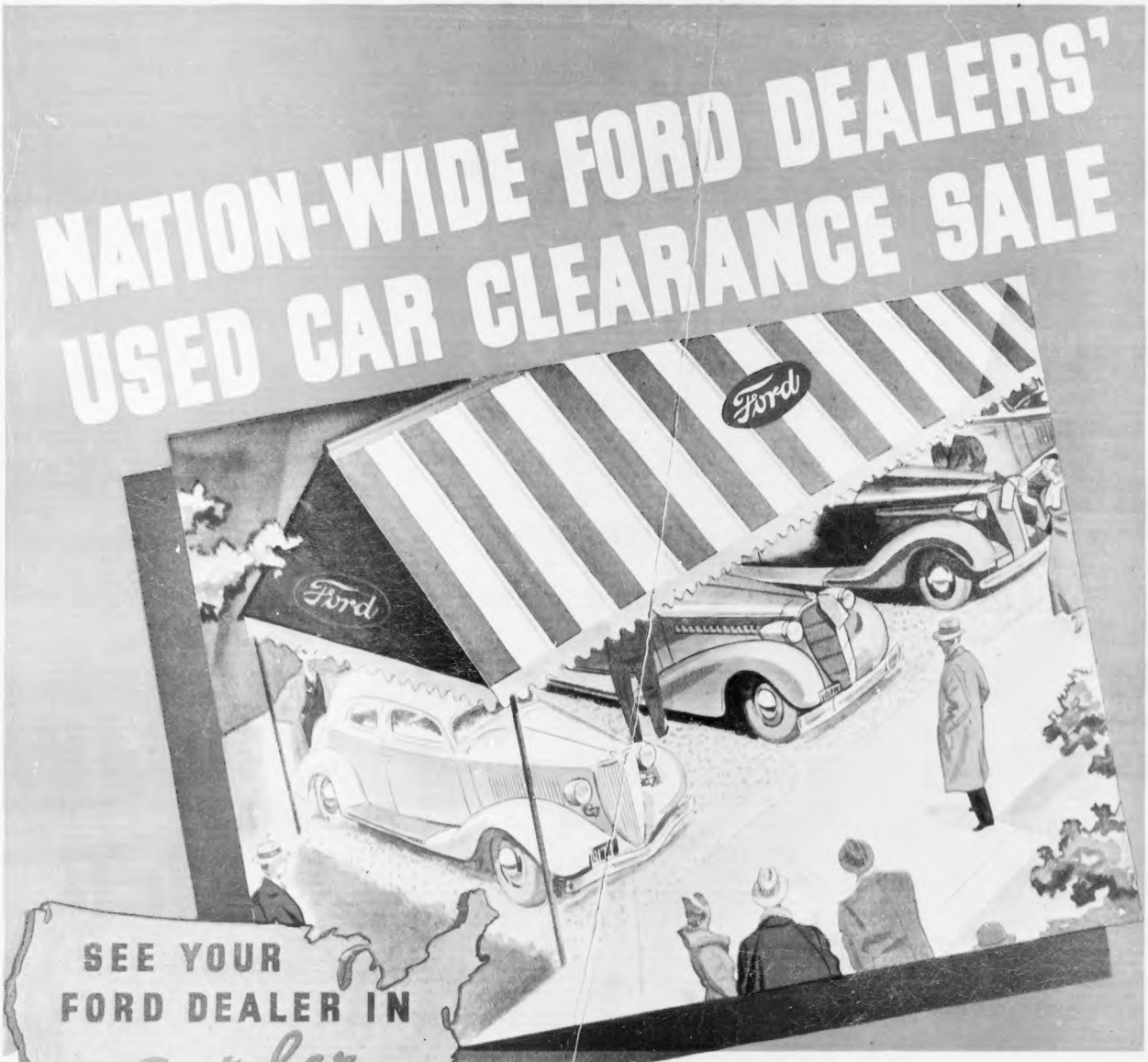
At All Drug Stores . . . Sold on MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

EACH issue of THE AMERICAN WEEKLY accurately portrays this world of ours—as it is, as it was and as we would have it be.

DRAINBOARDS!
I make 'em Spick-and-Span...Sanitary!
IT'S EASY to make your drainboards spick-and-span, hygienically clean when Clorox is used. Without extra effort on your part Clorox disinfects, deodorizes and banishes ugly discolorations from wood, tile and enamel drainboards—in one time-saving operation.
But this is only one of many uses for Clorox. Its disinfecting power safeguards health at "danger zones" where germs thrive—dishes, glassware, refrigerators, sinks, garbage receptacles, bathtubs, toilet bowls, drainpipes, linoleum, sickroom utensils, handkerchiefs, towels, bath and bed linens.
Clorox removes dinginess and ordinary stains from white and color-fast cottons and linens in the regular laundering process. A slightly stronger solution takes out stubborn stains—even scorch and mildew.
Like Clorox itself, the Clorox label is a revelation of safer and easier housekeeping. It also lists many important personal uses. Clorox is concentrated for economy. Always order Clorox by name. There is only one Clorox.

FOR HOME HYGIENE
CLOROX *Disinfects* AS IT BLEACHES REMOVES STAINS DESTROYS ODORS
PURE • SAFE • DEPENDABLE A SAFEGUARD TO HEALTH

NATION-WIDE FORD DEALERS' USED CAR CLEARANCE SALE



MORE THAN 150,000 BARGAINS— ALL MAKES AND MODELS

HOW much is it costing you to drive the car you now own? Is it getting old, inefficient, expensive to operate? Are repair bills becoming more and more frequent, nibbling harder and harder at your pocketbook every day you drive?

Why put up with increasing trouble and expense, when you can take advantage now of the first nation-wide Ford dealers' used car clearance sale in history? You owe it to yourself to see the amazing values every Ford dealer in the country is offering during October. Finest used cars and trucks—all makes and models—at lowest prices. And remember, there is only one place you can get R & G used cars—at your Ford dealer's. These cars are protected by the iron-bound money-back guarantee. Your present car may more than cover the down-payment. Easy terms, with payments as low as $15 monthly, through Authorized Ford Finance Plans of Universal Credit Company.

USED CARS & TRUCKS
RENEWED R&G GUARANTEED
ALL MAKES

For the bargain of a lifetime in a fine used car or truck, don't miss this nation-wide Ford dealers' clearance sale. See your Ford dealer during October.

FOR TODAY'S FORD DEALER USED CAR BARGAINS, TURN TO CLASSIFIED SECTION.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY